

The Assistant's Strategy
By E. M. WICKES

Jim Raney, the deputy, sat in the kitchen of his cottage which bordered on the outskirts of Portchester, polishing an old shotgun. His blue eyed daughter, Florence, entered and inquired: "What are you going to do with that gun, dad?" "Fill some of those fresh motor fellows with buckshot," he drawled, without looking up. She thought he was joking and remained silent for several seconds; then as he offered no additional explanation she asked: "What seems to be the trouble?" "Every Sunday," he replied, placing the gun on the table, "some man in a white touring car flies over my porch and refuses to stop when I signal. Last Sunday, though, when I halted him, he suddenly pulled up and jumped out. Then when I told him he was under arrest, he snatched the shield from my breast, and laughing in my face, he leaped into his car and rode away. But I'll get him today if I have to blow his car to smithereens. And I'll bet the justice will commit someone to jail."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill," said Florence, seriously, walking over and picking up the gun. "And if you go shooting off this old blunderbuss, you will be the one eventually to land in jail. What you should employ against these reckless chauffeurs is strategy."

"I'm going to use buckshot on them before I buy any more ammunition," he vehemently declared.

"Buckshot nonsense," laughed Florence. "Ingenuity and strategy, dad, conquer nations."

There was a pause as the deputy gazed out of the window.

"Have you got some?" he questioned, suddenly turning.

"I am full of it. And I am going to the road with you to execute a strategic move and capture the culprit."

"Yes, and get hit with one of those infernal machines," and "laid" in the hospital."

Florence laughed heartily at his fears, as she fastened to her brown, wavy hair, a black fur cap.

"What time does that fellow usually pass?"

"About four o'clock, but you stay home. I don't need an assistant if I have the gun."

"You cannot have the gun and I am going with you," she announced, throwing the weapon on a shelf.

He finally yielded and allowed her to accompany him to the road.

Shortly after their arrival, a white touring car came into view, a half mile away. When it was within four hundred yards of them, Florence, who had been intently watching it, clenched her teeth and sprang to the middle of the road. Her father, divining her purpose and fearing an accident, frantically rushed over and vainly attempted to force her aside.

Meantime, shrill blasts were shooting from the oncoming car, but Florence refused to clear the way, which brought the motor to a standstill. The driver, a tall, slender chap, wearing a linen suit, blue goggles and a cap pulled down over his forehead, stepped to the ground and, catching sight of Florence, his features broke into a smile as an exclamation seemed to spring to his lips—only to perish.

"Is this the one, dad?" queried Florence.

The deputy scrutinized the chauffeur for several seconds, and answered in the affirmative.

"Arrest him," she ordered, as another car slowed up from a forty-mile gait.

"You're under arrest," shouted the deputy, shaking his finger at the first car.

"For what?" asked the one in the blue goggles, leisurely lighting a cigarette.

"You're both under arrest for speeding, and there is a charge of larceny against you for stealing my badge!"

"Look sharply," began the accused one, "or I am apt to steal your prettiness."

"Sir, this is no time for nonsense," Florence broke in. "Papa is the deputy and you will have to accompany him to the justice!"

"Oh, very well, just as you say," cheerfully replied the driver.

"Here, Florence," said her father, "get in the first car and I'll climb in the other and they can drive to the justice."

As Florence stepped into the car the tall chap sprang to her side, and sent them speeding away.

"Hey there, stop, you hound!" yelled the deputy.

The only reply was a "hoot" of the horn as the car disappeared around a curve.

The deputy ordered the other car to give chase, but the man refused.

"What do you mean by this?" angrily demanded Florence, "I want you to stop and let me out, or I will have you arrested!"

"I hardly think you would," returned her companion, removing his goggles. "Don't you remember me?"

"Mr. Hawley?" she gasped.

He stopped the motor, and tenderly taking her hand, inquired: "Did I frighten you?"

"Yes, you nearly frightened the life out of me," she panted.

"I am very sorry and beg forgiveness."

"At present it is withheld," she answered, regaining her composure. "What do you expect here?"

GIRLS WHO WIN

"It isn't so!" declared the man. "You're just saying it to try to get a rise out of me! You really don't believe it!"

"Indeed I do!" asserted the girl in the green foulard gown. "It is, as I say, perfectly true that all a man cares about is being entertained and amused. What difference does it make to him if a girl has a kind heart and is angelic to her mother? All that appeals to him is her ability to make an idle hour pass pleasantly!"

"Do you suppose," she demanded, "that he cares at all if she gives up a bridge party to visit the sick? Is he possessed of passionate admiration for her if she can broil a beefsteak or if she always keeps her clothes mended neatly and the buttons sewed on her shirtwaists? Not he! He would walk straight past her in his eagerness to get to Lottie Giggler under the willow plume hat which shades her sparkling eyes!"

"Fiddlesticks!" scoffed the man. "How absurd! Don't you give men credit for any sense?"

"Not much," admitted the girl, with calm frankness. "If you men had any sense, you wouldn't be taken-in as you are nine times out of ten."

"I knew a man once who was perfectly crazy about a girl because she always was in such bubbling good spirits and simply effervesced with fun and life," went on the girl in the green foulard. "So he married her. It took him about a year to discover that Betty had been so careless because she absolutely refused to be bothered with anything. She kept her good spirits because she shovelled responsibility off on anybody who happened to be handy, and she effervesced because she wasn't capable of a serious thought. It is kind of wearing on a man when he comes home and says that the bank has failed and they are penniless if his wife yawns languidly and says, 'Dear me! Well, let's not think about it. Let's go to the theater and cheer up. And, darling, get-box seats, because I like them better!'"

"This man stood till his wife gave a big yawn, yawned and yawned with pneumonia, because she said she positively could not stand the business of the house. What did he do? Oh, he just died. Evidently he thought that was the quickest way out."

"All girls who are cheerful and amusing are not heartless," insisted the man. "We men can tell the real thing. We appreciate real worth."

"Booh!" interrupted the girl in the green foulard gown shortly. "Excuse my rudeness, but I couldn't help it. Real worth, you know, is terribly tiring, because it is generally quiet and serious, and nowadays everybody runs from seriousness. When you are picking out a girl on whom to call you don't choose one because she has collected more money for the heathen than anyone else or can manage a downtown business, do you? I should say not! You run over the list of your acquaintances and murmur, 'Gracie! I'll go see her because she's such a jolly girl and a fellow doesn't have to think. She just rattles on and all I have to do is murmur 'Yes' and 'No' and be comfortable. I'll go and see Gracie!'"

"Meanwhile the young person of sterling worth sits at home alone with a book—which she has bought herself—and if she eats candy it is sure to be fudge that she has made herself for nobody ever squanders money sending her violet-trimmed boxes of chocolates from the confectionery stores. But I'll warrant that Gracie could build a false-cast cottage out of her discarded candy-boxes."

"Well, a fellow doesn't like a stick," protested the man. "You are unfair, it's quite irritating! You know it isn't so! Why, just let me tell you."

"I know precisely what you are going to say," interrupted the girl in the green foulard gown. "You are going to burst into a rhapsody on the intense feeling a man has for the splendid girl who does things, who is capable and sensible and how he always picks her out to marry! It is awfully funny, but do you know I believe men actually think they do pick out sensible girls to marry. Even when a man is marching down the church aisle with the organ playing Mendelssohn and a girl on his arm who doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain, but whose eyelashes curl in a distracting way! Oh, you can't blame a man for being so foolish. Curling lashes are lots nicer to have than the straight, thin kind."

"If you'll keep still a minute," said the man, "I'll demolish all your arguments and show you that you are entirely wrong and—"

"Don't bother," said the girl in the green foulard gown. "I'm through! I have just demonstrated my point! Here I've kept you chained to my side for a whole three-quarters of an hour when you should have been across the room, talking to the guest of honor, She's such a capable girl, she has invented a patent door hinge and has brought up a family of nine brothers and sisters—and I never did anything in my life—except amuse people!"

"You win!" said the man after he had glared at her a minute. "Keep it up! Anyhow I never was much interested in door hinges!"

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10—Michigan and Peninsular Avenues, near Olson's drug store.
18—Michigan Avenue and Spruce east of Court House.
32—Michigan Avenue and Norway St. M. C. R. R. Depot.
47—Olson Street, at House House.
53—Ogemaw and Cedar streets, near McKay's House.
54—Spruce and Iowa streets, near Julius Nelson's house.
55—Michigan Ave. and Park street near Chris Hanson's house.
56—Ogemaw and Maple streets near John Hanson's house.
64—Selling Hanson Co., Planing mill.
73—Selling Hanson Co., Band mill.
82—Kerry, Hanson, Flooring mill.
91—Railroad Reserve, south side on Electric light pole.

Baths Limited.
Owners of country houses no longer hesitate to ask the co-operation of their guests when it seems necessary. In all the bathrooms of a palace on the Hudson river, which entertains many visitors in the course of a year, says the Sun, there hangs this sign:
"Guests are kindly requested not to draw more than three inches of water into the tub."

Remarkable Day of Weddings.
In this age of "records," the statistics of the weddings solemnized on a recent Sunday in Vienna deserve to be registered. No fewer than 1,000 couples were married and 230 silver weddings were celebrated in the 76 parish churches of the capital. In two churches the total was 70 each, and in many others the number surpassed 50. In order to prevent the unusual demand for their services from interfering with the regular celebration of mass, the clergy disposed of the candidates for wedlock in batches of ten and twenty at a time.

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Society Meetings.
Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor Rev. James Ivey. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 10:45 a. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday, 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Presbyterian Church.
Regular church services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after morning service, 10:45 a. m. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend.

Methodist Protestant Church.
Rev. H. Cunningham, Pastor. Services as follows: Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 10:45 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend the above services.

Danish Ev. Lutheran Church.
Rev. P. Kjolsted, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.—Sunday school at 9 a. m. Biblical Lecture Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

St. Mary's Catholic Church.
Services every first and third Sunday of the month. Confession on the preceding Saturday. On Sunday, Mass at 10:45 o'clock a. m., Sunday School at 11:30 a. m., Vespers and Benediction at 7 o'clock p. m. J. J. Riles, Pastor.

Grayling Lodge No. 356 F. & A. M.
Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The following officers: J. F. HUM, Secretary.

Marvin Post No. 240 G. A. R.
Meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. W. H. VANCE, WNS, Post Com. A. L. POND, Adjutant.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 162.
Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays at 8 o'clock in the evening. MRS. ELIZA HROTT, President. MRS. AGNES HAVENS, Sec.

Grayling Chapter R. A. M. No. 120
Meets every third Tuesday in each month. J. F. HUM, Sec.

Grayling Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 137
Meets every Tuesday evening. PETER BORTCHER, Sec.

Crawford Tent K. O. P. M. No. 105
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month. E. H. HARRINGTON, Sec.

Grayling Chapter, O. E. S. No. 83;
Meets Wednesday evening on or before the first of the month. MRS. EVA PHELPS, Sec.

Companion Court Grayling No. 652 I. O. F.
Meets the second and last Wednesday of each month at the Grange Hall, over H. Peterson's store. MRS. NELLIE McNEVIN, R. S.

Crawford Hiv. 890, L. O. T. M. M.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month. NANCY JECROW, Sec.

Garfield Circle, No. 16, Ladies of the G. A. R.
Meets the second and fourth Friday evening in each month. ANNA HARRINGTON, President. REBEKAH BATES, Secretary.

Crawford County Grange, No. 934
Meets at I. O. F. Hall, first and third Saturday of each month at 1 p. m. GEORGE NELSON, Master. MAUDE BELMORE, Secretary.

M. W. O. A. Camp No. 10428
Meets first and third Thursday evenings at 8 p. m. H. HALL, C. O. McCULLOUGH, V. C. M. A. BATES, Clerk.

Grayling Rebekah Lodge No. 352 I. O. O. F.
Meets every Monday evening. ADA BORTCHER, Sec.

Grayling Lodge 473 I. B. of M. of W. E.
Meets every second and last Monday in each month. W. COLLARD, Pres. LEE WINSLOW, Sec.

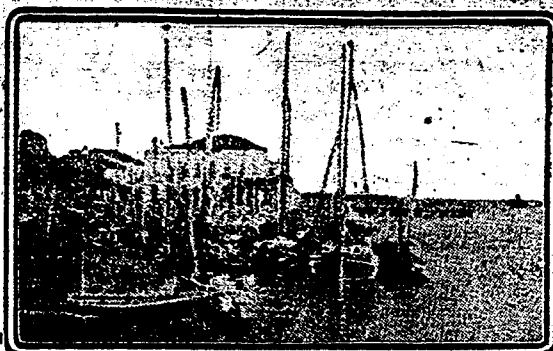
Skandinavien F. F.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Saturday of each month. PETER SVENSEN, President. JOHN OLSON, Secretary. Danish Sisterhood—Meets 2nd and 4th Tues. of each month. MAREN PETERSEN, Pres. CHEISTINE NELSON, Sec.

Danebod Hall.
Open Saturday evening 8:30 to 9:30. Sunday 2:00 to 5:00 p. m. Young People's Society meets the first and third Thursday evening of every month. Lecture all other Thursday evening.

Unity Lodge No. 1362 M. B. A.
Meets the first and third Thursday of each month in the Macabre Hall. G. W. CHANDALL, Pres. P. D. BORTCHER, Sec.

A Trip to PAULO AFFONSO FALLS in Brazil

By H. W. FURNESS



THE QUIET AT PENEDO

For tourists ever have more than a glance of a very small section of Brazil, as they travel by large steamers which only touch at the more important coast cities and they accept, without question, the volunteered advice of resident fellow-countrymen who have never traveled in the interior of the country. These speak as if from personal knowledge, though in reality false, of the difficulties, if not danger, to such travel.

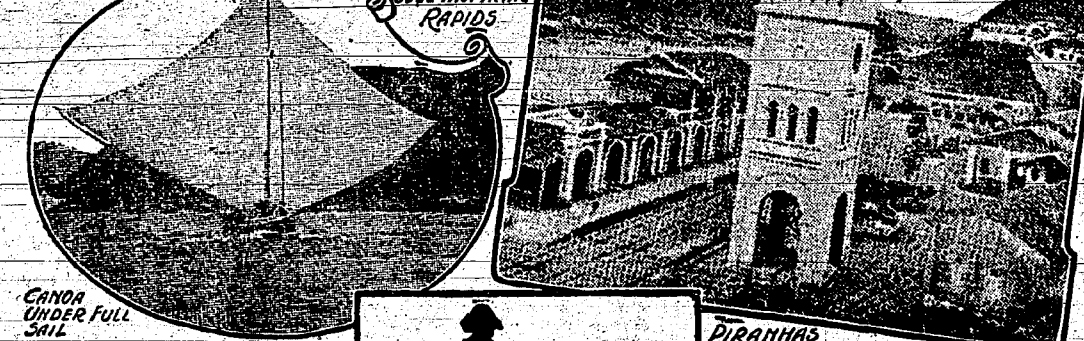
Though there is individuality in all cities, more striking in some than in others, yet after all, as a result of civilization, there is so marked a similarity that one soon tires of most foreign cities. This monotony seldom extends to travel in the interior of a country, at least not in Brazil, which abounds in enchanting scenery, remarkable plants, flowers and animals, and marvelous works of nature, giving to the traveler a new sensation at every turn. Such is the effect of a trip to the Paulo Affonso falls. To reach Paulo Affonso falls it is necessary to take a coastwise vessel from Pernambuco or Bahia to Penedo, about 30 miles up the wonderful San Francisco river, which is navigable, except for a short distance on both sides of the falls, for over 1,000 miles into Brazil, and is full of interest from mouth to source. Penedo is the second largest city in the state.



AGUINHO FALLS



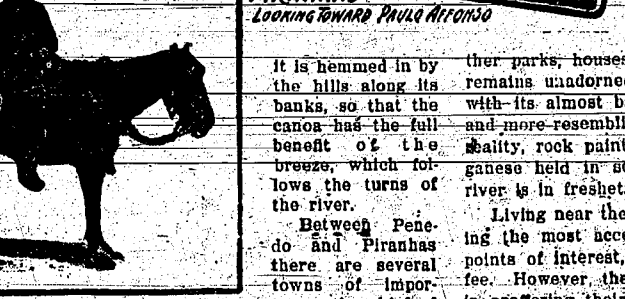
THE SOUL-INSPIRING RAPIDS



CANOA UNDER FULL SAIL

of Alagoas. Almost opposite Penedo is the ancient town of Villa Nova in the state of Sergipe. The town is said to have once been an important place, but now chiefly consists of tumble-down houses. A large rice-milling factory is, however, located here, also large cotton-seed and rubber plantations and a cotton gin. The products of these factories are shipped to nearby towns.

From Penedo to Piranhas, the head of navigation of the lower San Francisco, or that part of the river below the falls district, one has choice of making the trip either by small dugout



COWBOY OF THE PAULO AFFONSO DISTRICT

PIRANHAS, LOOKING TOWARD PAULO AFFONSO

It is hemmed in by the hills along its banks, so that the canoe has the full benefit of the breeze, which follows the turns of the river.

Between Penedo and Piranhas there are several towns of importance, the chief of which are Propia

decked light-draft stern-wheel steamer, which makes a round trip once a week, or by a locally built native sailboat called "canoa."

Canoe is Portuguese (the language of Brazil) for canoe, which it resembles in outline, but differs therefrom in having in the forward third a peculiarly shaped palm-leaf-thatched cabin with dove-colored windows painted a dark color, contrasting with the other woodwork. Other than a shelf-like affair running around on a level with the windows and used either as seat or bunk, as occasion warrants, the cabin has no furnishings.

The rest of the boat, except an area over the rudder on which stands the helmsman, and the small space occupied by a built-in box filled with sand, on which the cooking is done, is utilized as cargo space and is sufficient to carry from 10 to 20 horses or oxen, packed crosswise like sardines.

The size and character of the boat does not appeal to our idea of a canoe. Such a boat with its crew of two men, can be chartered at a reasonable figure, while frequently a passage can be arranged for at a reduction on steamer rates.

Whether to take steamer or canoe is difficult to advise; that would depend upon the temperament of the traveler, the company and the circumstances. In the various trips of the writer, steamer or canoe has been used, in accord with mood or necessity. As to time, one method is much as quick as the other, each consuming two days in going the 150 miles and like time in returning. The steamer remains at Piranhas but one day, so that, unless it is desired to consume a week in the neighborhood of the falls, the canoe offers the only quick return to Penedo. On the steamer meals are procurable, while on the canoe provisions must be supplied by the voyagers or arranged for with the captain. In either case it is wise to take some prepared food, as the cooks make chiefly native dishes, which require an educated palate for appreciation. Whether by steamer or canoe, unless mosquito proof, one must of necessity have a mosquito bar, a hammock or camp bed is a wise provision. In the daytime mosquitoes are not troublesome, but with the setting of the sun, when the boats usually tie up for the night, they become excessively annoying.

Voyage by canoe is both romantic and thrilling. Every day, commencing at ten o'clock, off Penedo, a stiff breeze arises and blows upstream with such force that the canoes, with their large sails spread, resembling at a distance huge bats, seem to fly upstream, frequently with such speed as to overtake and pass the steamer, which has left some time before. The river is practically straight, and the farther up one goes the more

and Gararu, in the state of Sergipe, and S. Braz, Traipu and Pao d'Assucar, in the state of Alagoas. All of these places are of sufficient interest to warrant short stops. They are the river ports of large sections in which cotton, beans, corn, rice and cattle are raised in large quantities. Rice is chiefly raised along the river itself and in ponds formed adjacent thereto when the river is in flood.

Pao d'Assucar is so called because of a large hill on the river front which resembles a sugar loaf, but, unfortunately for the town, it acts as a barrier to the wind and causes the sand to be thrown up in such quantities that the portion of the town adjacent thereto has to be periodically excavated.

Piranhas is a picturesque village built in terraces around the curve of a practically barren hill. At this point one hears much of the "piranha," a voracious fish known along the whole San Francisco River, though said to be in greater numbers here than elsewhere. This fish has a peculiar shaped head with serrated teeth bent backward. It is of carnivorous propensities, frequently attacking and biting pieces out of animals which go down to the river to drink. Even men are said to have been victims to it.

From Piranhas there is a railroad to Jacoba, 71 miles distant, where navigation for the upper San Francisco is resumed. A little more than half way to Jacoba is the Falls Station, a desolate place with only a closed station house surrounded by a thick, travel to the falls being too light to warrant even a caretaker. It is best, therefore, to stop at Pedras, a small village reached just before the station. Here guides, horses and food can be procured for the rest of the journey, which will take from two to three hours' riding.

The ride to the falls is best made very early in the morning, otherwise the heat is so intense that the trip would not be enjoyable. The road is frequently through dense thickets in which are found once (fox concolor), small wild cats, deer, preas (caven aperea) a rattlesnake animal hunted by the natives, wild hog (dicotyles), several varieties of small monkeys, and birds. Here parrots, paroquets, wild pigeons and doves occur in flocks. In the dry season snakes, particularly rattlesnakes, are seen in great numbers, doubtless due to the drying up of the short, stiff grass, which renders them more visible.

Paulo Affonso seems to have moods, its appearance markedly differing with the seasons, or more properly speaking, with the volume of water in the river, which is dependent upon season. The writer has made the trip there at the three

principal stages of the river and notes that the cataract itself does not change much in form as a result of volume of water. However, when the river is in flood additional cataracts are formed by the water passing through the ravines, which at other times are dry and leaping over the high cliff direct into the lower whirlpool. The rapids, on the contrary, are materially changed by any deviation in the volume of water and, were they approachable when the river is high, they would doubtless be devoid of the great beauty which characterizes them at other periods.

The ideal time to visit the falls is just after the river has fallen sufficiently to allow one to cross the numerous rocky ravines through which, when the river is high, water is rushing, preventing a near approach to the true river bed and the falls. Soon after the freshet, which is from November to March, the grass springs up and the plants burst into bloom. Gaudy colors then predominate, from the deep yellow of the trumpet flower, the reds and blues of other plants, the beautiful pink flower of the "bebolha brava," which, when water cause the death of so many animals, to the black seed pod of the "blackwood" bush and the exquisite white bloom of the "cereus" which opens at night, exhaling its delicate and penetrating odor. After a few weeks the dry season sets in. The grass and ephemeral flowering plants are then scorched by the sun, leaving only a few hardy bushes and the cacti.

Consisting as it does of a succession of rapids ending in a fall, opinion differs as to which point about Paulo Affonso one should first visit. To the writer the most beautiful and awe-inspiring portion is the rapids. One in viewing them realizes the truth of the words of a noted traveler, that "if Niagara be the monarch of cataracts, Paulo Affonso is assuredly the 'king of rapids.'" Either as rapids or falls, it stands unique. It has none of the artificial surroundings of Niagara, nor

ther parks, houses, nor work of man. Instead, it remains unadorned, as it has been for centuries, with its almost barren banks standing like walls and more resembling cast iron than, as they are in reality, rock painted black by the iron and manganese held in solution by the water when the river is in freshet.

Living near the falls are a few men who, knowing the most accessible footpaths to the various points of interest, will act as guides for a small fee. However, they are not obtrusive or insistent in proffering their services; on the contrary, one has to make inquiry to find them.

The falls are slightly crescentic in form. The main body of water rushes down the steep incline of the rapids to the Mai da Cachoeira, where it hurries itself with great momentum against a steep black wall directly in front of it, rebounds, swirling, swirling, churning and foaming, only to be pushed over the abyss, at a right angle to its original course, by the dancing, foaming waters of the Anguinho before the water can recover its natural appearance. The width of the river at this point is about 50 feet, and the depth of the water at the base of the falls is given as 80 feet. The river then rushes straight on for a few hundred feet, only to be hurled back by a rock wall 300 feet high, forming the lower whirlpool, from which it finally escapes at a right angle and passes for some miles through a narrow gorge.

The guide next leads one to the river above, where, hemmed in by low banks of black rock, it is broad and quiet, with nothing to suggest the turbulent waters just left. Continuing upstream, one sees numerous islands, mere rocks projecting like monuments from the water, and notes that already the water has commenced to hurry.

A short distance below the river makes its first leap of 30 feet. This is followed by the "vatim de cima" (upper come and go), a miniature whirlpool, where the water ebbs and flows at repeated intervals. Farther on, the rock banks of the river approach each other and through clefts in the rock the river is compressed into five narrow branches, four of which immediately start their descent by tumbling 15 to 20 feet and becoming a mass of seething foam, rushes down the steep incline with a fury that almost causes the earth to shake and with a roar that can be heard for miles, thus forming the soul-inspiring rapids.

According to the guide, the trip to Paulo Affonso would not be complete without a visit to what he styles the wonderful "Puma do Morcego" (bat cave). To see this one is induced to climb, crawl, and, if not very careful, fall down the zigzag path leading to the edge of the lower whirlpool, where, after literally scrambling over the rubbish thrown up by it, one is conducted to the large gaping entrance to the cave. The cave itself is disappointing. It is nothing more than a large opening in the bank, and is uninteresting unless one expects the great number of vampire bats which inhabit it. These are very troublesome to the cattle raisers in the vicinity.

From the mouth of the cave one has a good view of the whirlpool, but with thoughts of the difficult climb necessary to return it is doubtful if this side trip has been worth the trouble.

Things Will Take a Turn. "Did you hunt lions and tigers when you were in Africa?" asked the friend. "No, we didn't have to," replied Lord Shortbow. "The bloomin' beasts hunt 'ed us, doncher know?"

Price No Object. Dog fancier—What kind of a dog would you prefer, madam? Mrs. Nurich—Oh, I don't know. Suppose you show me one of those ocean greyhounds.

WELCOME THE ISSUE

REPUBLICANS EAGER FOR MAT- TLE OF BALLOTS.

Splendid Record of the Party in Power Makes Certain the Verdict That Will Be Returned by the Voters.

Champ Clark brought "glad tidings of great joy" to the Tammany braves of July 4, predicting with typical Democratic fervor of a stump speech on independence day, that victory would certainly "perch" on the banners of the Democratic party, not only in the congressional election this fall, but in the "main event" two years hence. The Democrats have chosen for their slogan in these campaigns "The administration's extravagance, the tariff and the trusts." On either or all of these issues the Republicans have by far the better of it and will "out-class, out-shine and out-last" the opposition, if the voters have anything approaching ability to weigh facts and vote accordingly.

If the Taft administration has accomplished anything at all it has been substantial reductions in the operating expenses of the government. This is a tremendously big country, with lots of people working in it. The nation's "cost of living" is constantly rising in the very nature of things. Not even the opposition of the Democrats can keep the country from expanding. It is a billion dollar country and the appropriations of the session of congress just passed in excess of those for recent sessions. The cry of national extravagance is not substantiated by the facts.

On the tariff issue the Republicans should win as easily as Johnson. The Democrats cannot "come back." It was able to knock out Blaine and Harrison and Cleveland and exhibited something like championship form. But the Democrats cannot stand the adversity which it always brings, combined with the prosperity which Republicanism—real Republicanism, that is to say—always affords. The "glad tidings" based on the hope of winning on the tariff issue will look like some of the predictions of the high-arrogant fight experts just before the late unpleasantness.

As to the trusts, if the people want more done to them than has already been done, they would better vote the Dobs. (ticket straight). The Republicans have achieved results. The Democrats have a choice assortment of weird, rabid theories which would, if put into practice, do no particular damage to the trusts beyond what would be involved in the general demoralization, if not destruction, of the whole industrial system of the country. At times the Republican policies have verged on the dangerous and in some instances have actually crossed the line. But on the whole the severe but relatively conservative treatment of the problem has accomplished enough practical good to satisfy the demands of all but the most drastic radicals.

Credit Belongs to President. When Mr. Taft's administration opened he said unequivocally that it would be an administration run with due regard to the government's income. Almost his first executive acts were concerned with the establishment of a business system in the departments through which money could be saved to the people by foresight, and strict economies. For the first time he has been able to outline a common financial policy for the different branches of the government.

Thus it is the president as well as to the secretary of the treasury that the credit for the year-end surplus must go. And coming, as it does, right on top of the unprecedented long list of legislative triumphs of the administration, it must give another fillip to the upward turn in the president's popularity.

The people are just now beginning to recognize how great a man President Taft really is. He is growing in favor and strength. He has both the modesty of Lincoln and much of his quiet effectiveness; and if he continues as he has thus far done, he will stand exceptionally high in public estimation at the close of his official term.

The working of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law is a vindication of the wisdom of President Taft, who signed it not as the best tariff law ideally possible, but as the best which has been enacted so far in the history of the United States.

If the Democratic party could get Mr. Bryan off on a trip to the jungles of Africa to outdo "Teddy," if possible, there would be some chance to elect a Democratic president in his absence. Accomac (Va.) News.

The tariff has nothing to do with the high prices of foodstuffs; there have been practically the same rates of advance in Canada as in this country.—Steubenville (Ohio) Herald.

Danger in Democratic House. The president is his party's leader, and his party is on trial. He wants his administration to go forward. If it is halted in mid-term, no man may forecast the end. A Democratic house would halt it. That body would maneuver against the senate for advantage in the presidential race and the president, in the matter of legislation, would be helpless.—Washington Star.

Eleven Months of the New Tariff. The government bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor has issued a statement elaborately comparing the imports, the customs receipts and the average ad valorem rates of duty under the Payne-Aldrich tariff law with those under the Dingley, Wilson and McKinley laws. The showing is highly favorable to the new law.

If there be a Democratic house it will be difficult to find a Democratic statesman without a tariff bill—conceded about his person.—Washington Post.

UNFAIR TO AMERICAN WORKER

Democratic Policies Would Mean Subjecting Them to Ruinous Competition.

China is threatening to repeat what has been done in Japan in the way of manufacturing for export. Shanghai has eight large cotton mills in which are employed over 30,000 Chinese at spinning and weaving. In one mill 1,000 persons are employed in day and night shifts, the children earning about four cents a day, and the wages of adults averaging no higher than 20 cents a day. Modern machinery is being imported from foreign countries and Chinese operators are said to be quick to learn. The Chinese will soon make a good deal of their own cotton goods, as, in fact, they do now. The United States has lost a good deal of its Chinese trade as a result of unfair Japanese competition, England is suffering to a less extent in the same way. The Chinese are sending pig iron to the Pacific coast, and will doubt be sending cotton and other products in time if not kept out by efficient protection to industries in this country. American workmen cannot compete in point of wages with either Japanese or Chinese. Japanese workmen produce large quantities of rugs that are now sold in the United States, the work on which costs in Japan only two or three cents a day. This takes bread out of the mouths of American workmen, but that is the kind of competition the Democrats want to subject American workmen to by the reduction or removal of tariff duties.

The Tariff and High Prices.

It continues to be very hard to make the theory fit the facts in the contention that the tariff is responsible for high prices and for increased inability of the people to buy commodities. The inquiry by the United States senate committee has not gone far, but it has been sufficient to make it very embarrassing for Democrats who have "laid it all to the tariff." Full opportunity has been given to examine witnesses, and yet, says a Washington dispatch, no single instance has a witness been found who ascribed increased prices, except in certain luxuries, including champagne, to the tariff. The duty of foreign goods under the new law has been equally confusing to the Democratic argument. The dispatch says: "The imports for the nine months ending with March show an increase of \$235,000,000 over the same period of the preceding year, and yet most of the articles on which the tariff was lowered show a falling off. Tea and coffee, both on the free list, have both fallen off, while cocoa, on which the duty was reduced, has fallen off \$1,000,000 in nine months. Lemons, under an increased duty, show an increase of \$200,000. Silk dress goods, with a decreased duty, show a decrease of \$1,000,000, and the importation of champagne, which the duty was materially increased, has jumped for the nine months from \$3,000,000 to \$5,900,000." Inexorable truth is a great demolisher of free-trade fustian.

Surplus Instead of Deficit.

The end of the first fiscal year in which Secretary Franklin MacVeagh has been in charge of the United States treasury shows that there is a surplus of \$9,402,432 in the year's ordinary receipts and expenditures. This is a record that was absolutely unexpected a year ago when the deficit in the same items ran to \$58,734,955. The average citizen avoids treasury statistics as consistently as possible. They have so many strings and cross-strings to them that it often takes a financial mind to find out what they really mean. Thus the \$9,402,432 surplus is not an actual surplus, but the expenditures on which it is based do not include the large sums paid out for the Panama canal. With these payments included there is a real deficit of \$25,854,644, but figuring the same way it was \$115,755,920 last year. It is legitimate finance to leave the Panama payments out of the current expenditure column, because they are but temporary disbursements for which the treasury is to be reimbursed by a bond issue.

Whichever way the figures are taken, however, Mr. MacVeagh has made a wonderful record. And in it, one more of the president's promises is redeemed.

The Linen Industry. Mr. Pogue, in an address delivered before the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, called attention to the fact that this country burns 3,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons of flax fiber each year after extracting \$80,000,000 of linseed oil and cake. The straw that is burned is manufactured into fiber would be worth \$600,000,000. Here is an opening for a great industry in this country. There is no linen industry to amount to much at the present time, but in time it will be created here that will give employment to thousands of American workmen and produce in this country the linen which is now imported.

The Rubber Scandal. Aldrich himself admitted in the tariff session that rubber goods could be manufactured for less in this country than in any other; yet he insisted on increasing the duty on rubber manufactures from thirty to thirty-five percent, apparently for the direct benefit of himself, his son, the Guggenheims and a few others, who, immediately after the adjournment of congress, proceeded to organize the forty-million-dollar rubber trust and to advance the prices of all rubber articles an average of more than twenty percent. It is not probable that Attorney General Wickersham will proceed against the rubber trust under the Sherman law. At least, he proposed to repeal that law so far as it applies to railroads. But it is within the power of the people to retire the members of the rubber outrage and the other tributes, leaving devices of the tariff law.

A high tariff means high wages. A low tariff means low wages. The man who works for wages ought to know what kind of tariff he wants.

WELL QUALIFIED



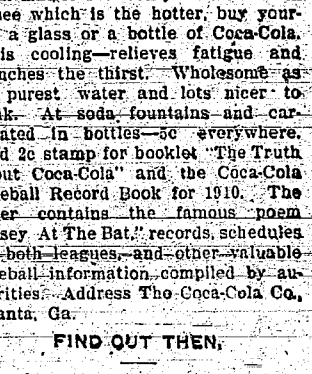
Squillbob—That fellow over there would make a splendid magazine poet. Squilligan—A genius, eh? Squillbob—No, but he has dyspepsia so bad that he would get so hungry living.

Clever Joke of Kind King.

King Edward's good nature was illustrated the other night by a London correspondent at the Press club in New York. "The king," said the correspondent, "was visiting Rufford Abbey, and one morning, in company with his host, Lord Arthur Savile, he took a walk over the preserves. 'Suddenly Lord Arthur, a big burly man, rushed forward and seized a snarling fellow with a dead pheasant protruding from the breast of his coat. 'Sir,' said Lord Arthur to the king, 'this fellow is a bad egg. This is the second time I've caught him poaching.' 'But the king's handsome face beamed, and he laughed his gay and tolerant laugh. 'Oh, let him go,' he said. 'If he really were a bad egg, you know, he wouldn't poach.'"

A Protection Against the Heat. When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. 'Wholesome' as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and restaurants in bottles—30¢ everywhere. Send 2¢ stamp for booklet 'The Truth About Coca-Cola' and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem 'Casey At The Bat,' records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information, compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

FIND OUT THEN.



Hicks—Some men never realize the true value of money. Dicks—Until they try to make a touch.

Yes, indeed.

Hostess (at party)—Why, so silent, Miss De Muir? You've scarcely said a word since you came. Youthful guest—Really, Mrs. Leader, I'm having a very enjoyable time, but my father has told me 100 times never to say anything unless I have something to say, and I suppose—

Hostess—But, my dear child, think what a stupid and tiresome thing so society would be if everybody followed that advice!

Quantity Not Quality. Teacher—Willie, have you whispered today without permission? Willie—Yes, wunst.

Teacher—Johnnie, should Willie have said 'wunst'? Johnnie (triumphantly)—No, ma'am, he should have said 'twist'.

Know How To Keep Cool? When Summer's sun and daily toil heat the blood to an uncomfortable degree, there is nothing so comforting and cooling as a glass of

Iced Postum served with sugar and a little lemon.

Surprising, too, how the food elements relieve fatigue and sustain one.

The flavour is delicious—and Postum is really a food drink.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.

Mollycoddling English Poor.

I am inclined to think that the stupor of the problem daunts the ordinary thoughtful person, while the careless is satisfied that things which are so much talked about must be, if anything, too much looked after. If we take a census of middle-class householders in an area, I think we would find as the most prominent idea that there is too much mollycoddling of the poor. How many pious ethical

visions have I heard as to the modern tendency to destroy parental responsibility—the destruction of what does not exist, or, if it does exist, is of no name! If we go to the drugs of the slow world—and it is with such that social effort is today most intimately and ardently concerned—we find the recognition on the part of even the most debased mother that her child

dren must have food of some sort. To get it she, like most people, takes the line of least resistance—the line she has been acquainted with from her own babyhood—beggary or crime. It is as far as her sense of parental responsibility can take her. And yet it is fear of destroying this non-existent or perverted quality which, I have been assured, has made the biggest opposition to the feeding of needy children—Francis in London's T. P.'s Weekly.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me. I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 215 Second St., North Minneapolis.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

Is afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

Qualified.

A prominent western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"This boy was bright looking and I rather took to him."

"Now, my son," said I, "if you come to work for me you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. It is a pretty high degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?"

"The boy smiled confidently."

"I be," he said, "Independent."

There should.

Fritz the gardener was a stolid German who was rarely moved to extraordinary language. Even the most provocative occasions only caused him to remark mildly on his ill-luck. Not long ago he came back from the city in the late evening after a hard day in the market place. He was sleepy, and the train being crowded, the baggage man gave him a chair in his roomy car.

Finally the train reached Bloomfield. Fritz still slept as it pulled in and his friend had to shake him and tell him where he was.

"I tanks you," said Fritz, as he rose slowly to his feet. The open door of the car was directly in front of him. He walked straight out of it.

The baggage man sprang to look after him. Fritz slowly picked himself up from the sand by the side of the track, looked up at the door, and said with no wrath in his voice:

"Where should he be some steps."

—St. Paul Dispatch.

He Knew the Ring

Little Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family. In the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said, "Edward, you may have my baby, she is pretty and sweet."

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want an old baby. I want a brand new one with nothin on but talcum powder."—Red Hen.

Mathematical Request.

Little Mary, seven years old, was saying her prayers. "And, God, she betimed at the close, 'make six times six forty-eight.'"

"Why, Mary, why did you say that?" asked her mother.

"Cause that's the way I wrote it in 'amination' in school today, and I want it to be right."—Lippincott's.

Taking Father's Job.

Why should you beg? You are both young and strong.

"That is right, but my father is old and weak and can no longer support me."—Meggendorfer-Blatter.

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties

When the children want lunch, this wholesome nourishing food is always ready to serve right from the package without cooking, and saves many steps for mother.

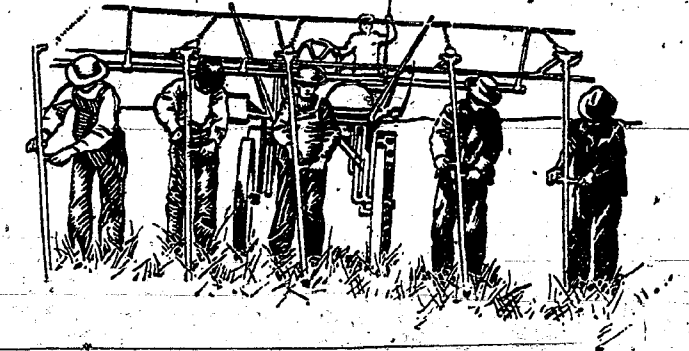
Let the youngsters have Post Toasties—superb summer food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Post Toasties Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

CULTIVATE SUGAR BEETS WITH ELECTRICAL HOES

More Depends Upon Physical Condition of Soil and Methods of Cultivation Than Upon Particular Kind of Soil.



Cultivating Beets With Electrical Hoe.

In the United States there are fifty-seven sugar-beet factories working three months each year, grinding, boiling and squeezing the sugar out of nearly forty thousand tons of beets every working day, but this does not

near all our wants. These facts ought to be encouraging to beet-growers. Thorough cultivation is an important factor in producing good sugar beets. It is a common saying among Germans that "the sugar must be hoed into the beet."

In no time of its life should a sugar beet be allowed to stop growing for if it once becomes stunted it is doubtful whether it will ever make as good a beet as it would have been under conditions of continuous growth.

Another way the beet has been improved is by increasing its sugar content. This has been done without increasing the size of the beet.

If a largely increased yield of beets is combined with a much higher sugar content it is entirely possible to obtain three times as much sugar per acre as is produced on an average at the present time.

BEST VALUES IN FERTILIZER

Should Be First and Last Consideration of Farmer in Choosing Plant Food Taken From Soil.

The farmer when buying commercial fertilizers to replace the plant food taken from his soil by previous crops, should consider first the agricultural value of the fertilizer, not chemical values on paper nor low prices. It is, of course, to the farmer's interest to get the best fertilizer he can for the least money, which fact is also paramount with the dealer. In nine cases out of ten, however, the dealer handling fertilizers, ends up by buying those lowest in price, regardless of the quality and, when selling these to the farmers who do not know what constitutes the best value in fertilizers, the dealer may increase his profits, also may be saving the farmer a dollar or two on his purchase, but, unless the fertilizer possesses the agricultural value, that is, the ability of the fertilizer to produce the best results in the field, it is a question whether the dealer or farmer have benefited themselves.

The dealer or local merchant's success depends on the agricultural products of a community, and it is to his interests, as well as to the farmer's, to produce as heavy a yield, of as good a quality as possible.

The farmer should make a study of fertilizers, familiarize himself with what constitutes the best value, and when he demands a fertilizer of this kind from the dealer, the latter will be compelled to disregard mere financial gain and to stress the agricultural value of fertilizers for the benefit of his customers and buy fertilizers only from those concerns manufacturing fertilizers possessing the highest agricultural value, consistent with their facilities.

The analysis on paper does not decide the agricultural value, neither does the price. Two fertilizers of similar analysis do not necessarily have the same agricultural value, nor sell for the same money, neither are the prices comparable as determining which of the two is the most economical, it is the quality of the raw material used in each is known. For instance, the fertilizer made of combinations of rock phosphate, hair, leather, wool clippings, kaint and filler, might show as good analysis on paper

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Keeping Sheep.

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HAS REACHED CENTURY MARK

Mrs. Samantha Stanton Nellis, at Age of One Hundred, is Still Active and Strong.

Naples, N. Y.—Mrs. Samantha Stanton Nellis of Naples is one of the very few real daughters of the American Revolution. Recently she observed her one hundredth birthday and as she is still active and strong she gives every indication of living many more years of her already useful and happy life. Mrs. Nellis was born in Fairfield, Herkimer county, January 5, 1810. Her maiden name was Samantha Stanton and her father was



Mrs. Samantha Stanton Nellis.

Eljah Stanton, who served over six years in Washington's army, being one of his bodyguards. He died in Batavia, Herkimer county, May 21, 1849, and his body is buried in the Batavia cemetery. Last week the Daughters of the American Revolution put over his grave a suitable marker, and the brave deeds of this Herkimer county hero will not be forgotten by future generations. Samantha Stanton was married to John Nellis in 1830 and for a few years they resided in Allegheny county, then settled near Naples, where Mrs. Nellis has resided for over sixty years. Her husband died in 1871. Four children were born to the couple, Levi, Samari, Warren and Marshall. Of them only Warren survives and he resides with his mother in Naples. The nearest relative in Herkimer county to Mrs. Nellis is Irving Eaton, an honored resident of Little Falls. Mrs. Nellis is a member of the Astor-fogien Chapter, A. R. of Little Falls. The members of that body take considerable interest in her and are always solicitous for her health and happiness.

WEDDING OF PRINCESS VOID

Papal Decision Declares the Rosignol Marriage Null Because of Former Union.

Rome.—The pontifical tribunal of the Rota has rendered a decision in the famous case of Princess Rosignol, formerly Mary Jennings, divorcee of Washington, who after her divorce from her first husband, M. Parkhurst of Bangor, Me., married the prince of the Rota.

The papal tribunal has decided that

the marriage to Mr. Parkhurst was valid, and hence her second marriage to Prince Rosignol is null and void.

The princess was born in New Orleans in 1870.

Noted Massachusetts Educator Warns Parents to Guard Daughters From Religionists.

Greely, Col.—Girls turning sixteen are irreligious, according to Dr. G. Stanley Hall, professor of psychology at Clark university, Worcester, Mass., lecturing at the summer normal school here. Hence it is, he explained, that they are devoted to rats, puffs, Psyche, fudge, giggles and other ephemeral things.

"The budding girl is as baffling a problem as the soul of woman," said Doctor Hall, "and the world now knows that instead of no soul at all, woman has one, two, three or even four, more than man."

"The young girl is absolutely irreligious in her nature. She is myopic, seeing the immediate present, whereas a boy looks into the future. Her life is all emotion and for that reason a certain religious fervor is likely to appeal to her. She should be protected from professional religionists."

World's Limit in Population.

Washington.—It has been estimated that the fertile lands of the globe amount to 25,000,000 square miles, the steppes to 14,000,000 and the deserts to 1,000,000. Fixing 207 persons to the square mile for fertile lands, 10 for steppes and one for deserts, as the greatest population that the earth could properly nourish, the conclusion has been reached that, when the number of inhabitants reaches about 6,000,000,000, our planet will be peopled to its full capacity. If the rate of increase shown by recent censuses should be uniformly maintained, it is thought that the globe would be fully peopled about the year 2072.

Heart Culture.

Heart culture? What a nameless grace there is in this term! For to have heart culture is better than to be born to earthly honor and power. That, indeed, it was which the Apostle had in mind when he wrote: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Dull must be that soul which cannot perceive the subtle grace, the refinement, the heart culture which these words represent, and which, as exemplified in the Christian's life, becomes the outward symbol, the visible presence, of the invisible God.

It's mighty hard being patient with the man who prates of his patience.

Among the Many Mansions

By Rev. James Mudge, D. D. Montreal, Can.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14:2.

Too much can hardly be made of the fact that heaven, in a very important sense, in its essential elements, is here and now. Nevertheless, there is, of course, a life hereafter beyond this world, a life eternal in immortality's land. There is a place "where Christ is," a place which He told His disciples He would prepare for their final abode. What should be our attitude toward it, our feeling about it? What use can we profitably make of it in the deepening of our spirituality, the perfecting of our character?

It is a test both of our faith and our faithfulness. In proportion to the vigor of our faith will be the clearness of our sight of the things unseen by mortal eye, our realization of the intangible. We may have a faith so strong that there will be no more doubt as to the reality of that world than of this, no hesitation whatever in accepting the intimations concerning it which are found in the written Word, no question as to the satisfying solidity of its joys, the permanency of the rich possessions to which it introduces the redeemed. What will give us this faith? Our faithfulness to God and duty, our living constantly in His presence, our cultivating those faculties which apprehend the things of the spirit. "The doctrine of immortality," it has been well said, "is an achievement and can be present in power only as the issue of that spiritual growth whose flower and fruit it is to be."

If we could achieve certainty about it we must live that it alone stands as the inter-pretation and consummation of our days. We must habitually cherish such convictions in our soul must breathe such a high spiritual atmosphere, must walk so closely with the infinite one, with the Heavenly Father, in our daily experience that no other outcome of our being than this blissful continuance beyond death will seem in any way reasonable or possible. Such is the only path to perfect peace in this matter. How can a man of evil life really believe in the hereafter? How can he who is living wholly, or mainly, or even largely for this passing world obtain or retain a firm hold on the fact that there is another world far more important a palace to which this is but a portico? He could not live as he does if he did so believe. His choosing that kind of life inevitably degrades or destroys his power of belief in anything better by and by. We know as to the future what we are capable of knowing. If we would know more we must be more. If we would see further into the future we must live at a higher elevation. This, and not senses or table movings or supposed materializations of the spirits of the departed, is the way to get solid ground under one's feet as to the other world.

Should longings for Heaven fill much of our thought and time? Not to such an extent as to prevent the devotion of all our energies to the work assigned us by the Master. Surely not to the breeding of the slightest discontent with the duration of our journeying here. St. Paul's position about it (Phil. 1:23) would seem to be ideal. He keenly appreciated the glorious gain involved in the transition to the splendor as yet so imperfectly revealed, but he also appreciated fully the joy of laboring for Jesus on this earth and increasing the triumphs of the gospel. He was sufficiently unselfish to put aside his own joy in favor of the advantage of his converts and others to whom he could do still further good. It is certainly safe to leave the decision as to the best time and manner of our death with God, assured that it shall be exactly right and need not concern us in the least. It is not natural or possible for those in perfect health, in the springtime of youth, with the inviting, untried experience of life in this world all before them, to feel about another world as they reasonably may who are manifestly near it and whose friends are mostly there. Yet at all ages it is wholesome to keep in the background of our thought the solemn fact that we are pilgrims and strangers on these shores of time, and upon to launch forth for a voyage to fatter climes.

The gospel view of death, that it is gain, not loss; to the believer, sunrise, not sunset; transition, not destruction; birth into a higher state of being; something to be hailed with joy, not shrunk from with horror, is far too rare. Most people, as the apostle says, are "all their lifetime subject to bondage through the fear of death" (Heb. 11:16), not knowing that Christ hath abolished death and brought life and immortality. (II Tim. 1:10). What a pity that they should thus miss, through lack of faith, one of the chief joys, the deliverance assured to them in Jesus. It is our privilege, as Browning says, to "greet the unseen with a cheer," to feel that it well accords with "the noon day, the bustle of man's work time," to think of and prepare for and pass to the higher world which waits us there. What, indeed, is there to fear in death, the foe that the mighty Prince of Life so effectually conquered, blinding him to His triumphant chariot wheels?

Heart Culture.

Heart culture? What a nameless grace there is in this term! For to have heart culture is better than to be born to earthly honor and power. That, indeed, it was which the Apostle had in mind when he wrote: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Dull must be that soul which cannot perceive the subtle grace, the refinement, the heart culture which these words represent, and which, as exemplified in the Christian's life, becomes the outward symbol, the visible presence, of the invisible God.

It's mighty hard being patient with the man who prates of his patience.

Armour's Fertilizers

Increase the yield—Improve the quality—Enrich the soil. Every harvest proves it. Can you afford to risk your wheat? Be safe.

Armour's Fertilizers

grow the biggest crops. Ask your dealer.

Armour Fertilizer Works
Chicago

Weak? Tired? Run-down?

These conditions come from overwork, a weak stomach, overtaxed nerves or feeble blood. When you feel "all-in"—hardly able to drag about, no energy, no ambition, easily exhausted and can't sleep—take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and note what a difference they make in your condition. The stomach is the first to feel the good effects. Food tastes good, the digestion is strengthened; bowels and bile work regularly, the blood is cleansed, and the nerves rested. The whole system responds to the tonic action of Beecham's Pills. Soon there is the buoyant feeling of returning health.

Fresh Strength and New Life

Boxes 10c. and 25c., with full directions.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

Once a Rayo user, always one.

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are many cheap lamps, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass, with a glass globe of pure clear glass, an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lighting that can add to the value of the Rayo Lamp as a light giving device. Every dealer everywhere, if not at your door, will for a few minutes take the time to show you the Rayo Lamp.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

The Chew to Choose

is Tiger Fine Cut. It's so clean, pure and full-flavored.

Rut up in air-tight packages—not exposed to the air. Then sold from a tin canister—not loose from an open pail.

No wonder

TIGER FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO

is always so fresh and delicious. No wonder it is the most popular one out in the market. Try it and see why.

5 Cents

Weight guaranteed by the United States Government.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Pearl S. Wood

FREE Send postal for Free Package of Paxtine.

Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics FOR ALL TOILET USES.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking; dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delicious antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleaning, germicidal, and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at drug stores or by mail.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

Put a Gillette in your vacation outfit

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DAISY FLY KILLER

kills all flies, mosquitoes, and other annoying insects. It is a powerful disinfectant, and keeps the air pure and sweet. It is a household necessity.

Readers

of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should look upon having what they ask for, as a matter of course, and not as a favor.

Millions Say So

When millions of people use for years a medicine it proves its merit. People who know CASCARETS value buy over a million boxes a month. It's the biggest seller because it is the best bowel and liver medicine ever made. No matter what you're using, just try CASCARETS once—you'll see.

CASCARETS is a big box of a sweet-tasting, all-fruit laxative. It's the best in the world. Makes a month.

PARKER'S BALM
For all pains, aches, and bruises. It is a household necessity.

Hungry Little Folks

find delightful satisfaction in a bowl of toothsome

Post Toasties

When the children want lunch, this wholesome nourishing food is always ready to serve right from the package without cooking, and saves many steps for mother.

Let the youngsters have Post Toasties—superb summer food.

"The Memory Lingers"

Post Toasties Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

HANDY FOUR-HORSE EVENER

Frequent inquiries are received for owners for three and four horses. The above diagram shows the construction by means of which three horses are on one side of the tongue and one on the other side.

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, AUG. 4

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in advance. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and can not be considered later.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on. F. R. Deckrow.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING, HANSON COMPANY.

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street. F. R. Deckrow.

ESTRAYED.—Small pony, formerly owned by M. A. Bates. Please notify John Kelly.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

A. Kraus was down to the store a little while, Tuesday. He appears to be improving steadily, though slowly.

The "Picture Man" has been making a set of views of Salling, Hanson Co.'s lumber camp, as run by Jasper Smith, which are fine enough for any artist to be proud of.

For plastering and other mason work and estimates of work in my line, call or address Wm. Fairbotham, Grayling, Mich.

Mrs. and Miss Langevin have returned from a pleasant outing at Detroit, Toledo and Columbus. They found some exceedingly hot cities and are glad to be home again.

FOR SALE—Stock, fixtures and business of millinery store, two doors from Post Office at a bargain. The only exclusive millinery store in Grayling. Good reasons for selling. Mrs. J. E. Crowley.

In buying a cough medicine, don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs and whooping cough. Sold by all dealers.

A fine Jersey heifer, running estray with the lot advertised by John Johnson last week, was killed by the cars near the Crown Chemical Co.'s plant, Saturday morning.

The only autos received here this week as far as heard from are a Buick car by Geo. L. Alexander and another by J. C. Foreman.

When the digestion is all right, the action of the bowels regular, there is a natural craving and relish for food. When this is lacking you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They strengthen the digestive organs, improve the appetite and regulate the bowels. Sold by all dealers.

No man ever got rich by trying to make others believe he was "The only," or the only one who knew any thing. You cannot climb the ladder of success by treading on others' heels. Keep off the horns and don't knock. You're not the only. There are others, and they have brains and know something as well as you do.

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or steamers. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea, and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all dealers.

Santovar coffees are always good. If you have not tried the Santovar Southern coffee at 25 cents a pound, you have not tested the best coffee for the price. There is some what is possible to do to save its strength and flavor and it is packed in 1 lb. tin cans. Salling-Hanson Co.

Dysentery is a dangerous disease but can be cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has been successfully used in nine epidemics of dysentery. It is equally valuable for children and adults, and when reduced with water and sweetened, it is pleasant to take. Sold by all dealers.

We think the change in the AVA-LANCHE office is an improvement. At least it will give us better light, and a tendency toward profanity which our papers are blown all over the room when the door opened will be removed.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all dealers.

Miss Edna Grouliff of Muncie, Indiana, is visiting her friends here. Instead of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grouliff, who left here a few years ago, we now meet a young lady to whom our young men politely raise their hats, and their prettiest bow.

Miss Ethelyn Doe and her sister Miss Dorris, of Elgin, Ill., our nieces, and granddaughters of our Brother W. W., are making the editorial home brighter for their presence. Miss Doe will be remembered by many of our young people as a visitor here with her English teacher Miss Brown, six years ago. Since which she has completed the full course in the University of Wis., receiving the A. B. degree last month, and is now seeking a little needed rest.

Not rain enough yet, but the small showers help.

Julius Nelson wants a fresh cow, worth the money that is ready for it. Mr. Scott Wiley of Chicago is in the county, looking after his interest in land.

F. R. Deckrow has the contract for the heating and plumbing in the new hospital.

Kraus' hardware has been materially brightened by a fresh paint "Joe" was the artist.

If there is a laborer or artisan in this place out of work, it is because he is sick, or does not want a job.

Carlessness in walking or driving against new made, cement walks will get some body in trouble if they don't watch out.

F. L. Brown is putting in a lot of needed cement walk and crossing under the supervision of Street Commissioner Nelson.

The Farmer's Annual Picnic will be held on their grounds, Thursday, August 25th. We hope to give particulars next week.

The front part of the Avalanche office has been torn up for repairs this week and its condition not conducive to good nature. It will be better soon.

Mr. M. E. Denison is the local agent of the M. & N. E. R. R. Company here. When he finds a house so he can have a home here he thinks he will be satisfied.

Highway Commissioner Peck is receiving the thanks of teamsters and farmers as well as the Auto drivers for his work on the highways leading into town.

The name of "Stephens Lumber Co." was changed to "Henry Stephens & Co." July 30th, the only change being in the name, as the officers and stockholders remain the same.

So many of our people are at their cottages at Portage Lake, and several families at Bay View, it makes the village seem lonesome except in the early evening, when they drive in for shopping and marketing.

The Manistee and N. E. R. R. Co. sell tickets and check baggage from Grayling through to Chicago, by steamer from Manistee, on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, leaving Manistee at 3:45 p. m. and arriving at Chicago in time for breakfast. Fare, \$5.95 and \$10.00 for berth.

Several carloads of material for the new M. & N. E. R. R. depot have arrived to meet the mechanics who are daily expected to begin the work. The building will be of brick, 50x100 feet on the ground and modern in all its details. It will be an improvement over the box car now used for office and telegraph and telephone.

Mrs. J. H. Wingard returned from a two weeks visit with her uncle's family, and other friends last Tuesday. She brought with her an air plant, which grows anywhere without earth or water, if protected from frost.

Supervisor Barnes of South Branch was in town Monday, well satisfied with the world, and especially with the prospects of the Northeastern Michigan Development Co., and with the meeting of the three acting in conjunction at Cheboygan last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Lowry of Brooklyn, Mich., are the guests this week of Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Fleming. Mr. and Mrs. Lowry are the parents of Mrs. Fleming. This is the first time they have visited in this part of Michigan. Mr. Lowry expresses himself as agreeably surprised at the business outlook and progressive spirit of Grayling.

Miss Ruth Barlow gave a little lawn party to nearly a score of her little folks including her Sunday school class and a number of their friends, last Tuesday, in honor of her little cousin Miss Dorris Doe. She was assisted by Misses Ethelyn Doe, Elsie Salling and Elizabeth Langevin. Their apparent happiness was infectious, and we would not care if the grounds and house were always filled with such a crowd.

It is said that "open confession is good for the soul," and here we are. Ever since the organization of the N. E. Mich. Press Association we have unblushingly carried the honor of being the "Dean of the Association," but at the meeting at Cheboygan last week on grasping the hand of Comrade Ramsey, of the Tribune, a friend of more than thirty years, our consciences was so awakened, that we could not bear the burden longer, and now confess that he has seen seven more years of life, and sat in "The Editors' Chair" three years longer than we, so the honor thrust upon us by the youth of the association belongs to him. We are willing to be forgiven.

A most enjoyable day was spent by some of the Ladies of the W. R. C. and their guests, Saturday, July 30th, at Mrs. Funk's farm. The ladies left on the 6:10 a. m. train and were met at Cheney with rigs which conveyed them to the farm, of which they immediately were given possession. It is needless to say that all enjoyed the chicken dinner. Mrs. Funk certainly surpassed herself as hostess. In a few well chosen words Mrs. Wright presented Mrs. Funk with a gift from the Ladies of the W. R. C. Mrs. Funk responded in her pleasing manner. We started for home, thinking the day well spent, and a cordial invitation to come again.

COMING!!

4, 5, 6, At Opera House

Poluhni The Mystic And His Bell Ringers.

This Company comes to our city well recommended by the Opera House reporter as a clean, moral show with an array of novelty acts secured from the best in the West. Poluhni is the man that got such a write up in Milwaukee and St. Paul with his street drive and his Oriental Magic. He will while here allow a Committee to drive to any place in town and write a letter and hide it and on their return he will blindfolded drive and find the letter and on his return read what they wrote while several blocks away and at no time will he touch one of the committee. He has the latest magic and carries—Glen Phillips the Boy Wonder or Comedy Juggler and Wonder Walker, Miss Gertrude Baars, Musician and Clairvoyant, Ideal Swiss Bell Ringers and latest Moving Pictures and Illustrated Songs go to make up a two hour program of the highest order. The admission will be 10c for Children and 15c for adults and 25c for Reserved seats.

In order to prove to the people that this company has just what they advertise they will give one lady free with each Reserved seat ticket on their opening night. Seats on sale at usual place.

Struck A Rich Mine.

S. W. Bends, of Coal City, Ala., says he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr. King's New Life Pills for they cured him of Liver and Kidney Trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pills on earth for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility. 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Base Ball.

The Gaylord Base Ball Team came down Thursday afternoon thinking that they could clean up on our boys. Dyer pitching a very fine game for Grayling. Score 10-5, in our favor. Then Bay City thought they would do our boys, but again they proved to much for them. Dyer pitching Saturday and winning out by a score, 11-5.

Sundays game was largely attended and was a closer game. Johnson doing fine work and having good support took the game. Score Grayling 4—Bay City 2. Now for Manistee.

Frederic Franks.

(To take for last week.) While the cement fever was on, it struck Jim Smith hard, he having a stoop put in.

A new deputy postmaster arrived in town, but it will be a number of years before he will be qualified to act. L. W. Gardner and wife are the possessors of a new boy. All are doing well.

Mrs. Sarah Nisley of Mio is visiting her sister-in-law Mrs. Wm. Terhune.

Miss Rose Lewis is extending her visit at Lewiston and other points indefinitely.

Our lookout has had several oocups last week and from an outlook others should have been there.

Bob Brown is making his family a visit.

Miss Rose O'Brien of Cheboygan, since closing her school in Maple Forest is making herself useful in helping to nurse her sister Mrs. Gardner in her present illness.

Art Brenner is seeing the sights in Saginaw and Detroit.

Owing to the late frosts and drought the red raspberries are scarce.

Lucky are those who have canned fruit left over.

The trains and touring cars are getting away with our dog population, B. J. Callahan being the last loser.

Owing to fire and frosts the huckleberries will be a short crop.

Mrs. C. D. Smith returned from her visit at Bay City, last Saturday.

Mrs. James Gibbons, a former resident, but now of Louisiana, is here with her sister Mrs. Geo. Hunter and Miss Clara Birch.

Rev. Lyons and mother occupied Mrs. Bradley's house in their absence.

Life on Panama Canal

has had one frightful drawback malaria trouble that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitter never fails to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes W. A. Fretwell, of Lucania, N. C. "I've had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevent Typhoid. 50c. Guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co.

Notice of Teachers' Examination.

There will be held a teachers' examination Thursday and Friday, August 11th and 12th, at the court house in Grayling. Below is an outline of the examination. The examination on reading will be based on Reading in Public Schools by Briggs and Coffman, one of the reading circle books.

ARITHMETIC.

Commercial discounts. Commission and brokerage. Stocks and bonds. Denominate numbers, including all common measures. Square root. Mental arithmetic.

GRAMMAR.

1. Language lessons based on stories and pictures. Suggestion: Give a brief description of your method of using stories and pictures in teaching language.

2. Grammar: Sentence analysis with special attention to complex sentence containing substantive and adverbial clauses. Syntax, with special attention to direct and indirect objects, nouns used as adverbs, and words used independently. Inflection, with special attention of the apostrophe, formation of plurals, etc.

Rules for punctuation, special attention being given to the use of the colon and quotation marks.

GEOGRAPHY.

Commercial geography: A study of the world's commerce with the view of finding the needs and wants of the various regions as based upon geographic conditions growing out of the occupations of the people. Any recent commercial geography will serve as an outline of study, e. g. Trotter, Adams, Redway, Gannett-Garrison-Houston.

CRIVICS.

How national, state and local taxes are levied and collected. Our money system. The power of Congress over commerce and how it is exercised.

The powers and duties of the President. The establishment and management of public and school libraries in Michigan.

The care and management of defective, truant, and delinquent children in Michigan.

The organization and work of our State Legislature.

UNITED STATES HISTORY.

England and America. 1. English life among the European nations in the sixteenth century.

2. Motives inciting England to exploration of the New World.

3. England and the Spanish Main. a. England and America, 1607 to 1800.

Humanitarian, economic and social conditions in America during the years 1801-1844, 1855-1897.

The origin, development and significance of socialism. Great commercial crises in American history.

1. Time and cause.

2. Character.

3. Result.

The suspension of the Habeas Corpus law during Civil War.

1. Cause.

2. Result.

The race problem in America. Colonial life.

1. On a Virginia plantation.

2. In Boston.

3. In Philadelphia.

Important treaties of the United States.

1. Date and name.

2. Terms.

3. Result.

Economic and industrial conditions in the South since the Civil War. Book to be reported upon:

1. Slavery by Hooker.

2. Slavery by Washington.

Michigan history. Current events.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

In the examinations in June, August, and October, half of the work will be based on The Hygiene of the schoolroom by Barry, and the remainder on anatomy and physiology.

CREDITS.

Fifty percent credit will be given on the subject of theory and art, and fifty percent credit on the subject of reading to teachers who carefully pursue the course of Reading Circle work for the year, provided that the work is done under the direct supervision of the commissioner or his visiting deputy, or that the teacher submit a satisfactory written report of the work at the end of the year.

JUD E. BRADLEY, Co. Com. of Schools

Notice to Tax Payers.

The Tax Roll of 1910 for the Village of Grayling is in my hands for collection. Taxes received any day at the Bank during banking hours.

HOLGER HANSON, Treas.

M. E. Church.

Sunday, Sept. 7, 1910.

The services at the M. E. church for next Sunday are as follows:

10:30 a. m. public services. Subject—"The Unseen Love."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

3:00 p. m. Junior League.

6:30 p. m. Epworth League. Subject—"God's Unfailing Love." Leader Mrs. Crandall.

7:30 p. m. Public Service. Subject—"Honor of God Through Honoring Him."

7:30 p. m. Thursday general prayer meeting.

The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

JAMES IVEY, Pastor.

Staggers Skeptics.

That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Bucklen's Arnica Salve will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or piles, staggers skeptics. But great cures prove its a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felonies, eczema, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it. 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Eye Responsibility

—:—

Eye Responsibility

—:—

I Realize the Responsibility Laid on Opticians.

—:—

I realize that the wrong Glasses would ruin sight while the right Glasses strengthen and improve the sight. Realizing these things could afford to be careless and inaccurate?

I PRIDE MYSELF ON MY CARE AND ACCURACY

—:—

I am fully equipped to examine all Eyes and to correct their defects.

—:—

C. J. Tashaway JEWELER & OPTICIAN GRAYLING, MICH.

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Special Petticoat Sale!

THE OLIVE MAKE

We closed out several dozen petticoats from a manufacturer which we are putting on sale. The lot includes Silks, Heatherblooms Mercerized Skirts. Every woman should avail herself of this chance to get a petticoat at a special bargain.

Silk Skirts in Black and colors. Regular \$5.00 value	\$1.50 Heatherbloem in several styles at \$1.19.
at \$3.79.	\$2.00 Petticoats at \$1.49.
\$6.00 and \$8.00 Black	\$3.00 "Hydegrade"
Silk Skirts at \$4.39.	Heatherbloom Petticoats at \$2.39.
\$1.00 Mercerized Skirts at 79 cents.	

Grayling Mercantile Company.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

"BOYE" NEEDLE THREADER

makes sewing easy on dark days; one free with each purchase of a three ounce bottle of our very best machine oil, guaranteed not to gum. 15 cents.

Sorenson's Furniture Store

Michigan Central New York Central

Niagara Falls Route

Low Round-trip Fares

NEW YORK, \$29.70

BOSTON, \$29.80

Similarly low fares to all Eastern Summer Resorts, including Thousand Island, Saratoga, The Adirondacks, Canadian Resorts, White Mountains, Poland Springs and entire Atlantic Coast.

Liberal stop-over privileges and option of boat trip between Detroit and Buffalo and on Hudson River between Albany and New York. Tickets on sale daily to September 30, returning within 30 days. For particulars consult Ticket Agents.

Michigan Central.

July 7-3w

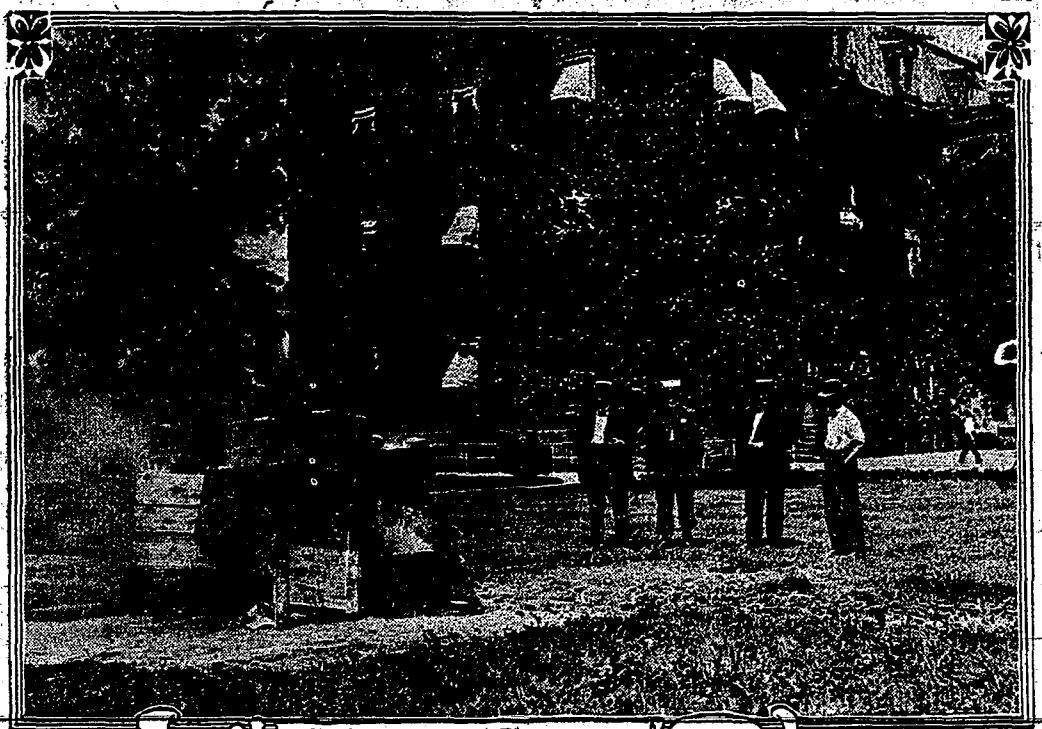
OLSON'S Automobile Line!

MACHINES FOR SALE OR RENT.

Call at Central Drug Store or Auto Barn.

Gen. Traffic Mgr. Dr. RIELY, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BURNIN UP BOGUS DRUGS AND FOODS



GOVERNMENT BUREAU

Washington.—Persons in the vicinity of the department of agriculture building the other day were attracted by a novel bonfire that was being conducted by Uncle Sam. Officials of the department were cremating thousands of dollars' worth of adulterated or misbranded drugs and foods that had been purchased by their agents in the open market in different parts of the United States. In each case reports were made and the manufacturers were taken to task by the department of agriculture and warned that repetition of the offense would result in prosecution.

STEP IN CHEMISTRY

Progressing Very Close to the Secret of Life.

Physical Function of Green Plants Reproduced—Synthesis Made by New Physics Presented by Venerable Prof. Jungfleisch.

Paris.—The Academy of Sciences was startled at a recent meeting by the announcement of a great step forward that has been made in the chemistry and physics of living things. It is not a laboratory creation of life, or in any way the transformation of inorganic matter into an organism. But it is the laboratory production of chemical substances which in nature are produced by living things exclusively—and by the same physical process which living things employ.

More than half a century ago the famous Berthelot won his renown as the greatest living chemist by this compounding of what naturally are organic products, from inorganic matter—the synthesis of organic compounds. His son, Daniel Berthelot, has now made the synthesis by nature's own process—chlorophyll assimilation.

This is the physical function exercised by green plants in sunlight, namely, the transformation of carbon dioxide as a mineral into carbon existing in an organic state. Plants do this by feeding on air; they get the material which they transform from the carbonic acid and water vapor of the air around them. The organic compounds of carbon which plants produce serve as food for higher living beings. Without this chlorophyll function of plants, which thus assimilate the carbon of our atmosphere, there is no life on our globe. Now this chlorophyll assimilation has been reproduced artificially by Daniel Berthelot and his assistant, Henri Gaudesche, in all its fundamental action.

For this purpose, they use purely physical means and not chemical reaction. Under the influence of the ultraviolet rays produced by a mercury vapor lamp, they have obtained exclusively from the air, that is, from its carbonic acid and water vapor, a number of organic compounds. They have thus accomplished the synthesis of ternary compounds, beginning with methyl alcohol, whose condensation gives sugars and starches; and they have gone on to the synthesis of quaternary compounds, beginning with formic amide—and this is the very starting point of these albuminoid bodies which are the basis of protoplasm or living matter.

This means that we have come close up to Huxley's physical basis of life. We have not overstepped the dividing line between living and not-living things. Nature has still a process by which these carbon compounds enter into the colloid, automatically assimilating state; and this is the resultant of their own assimilation by the living cell. This, too, is physical, like everything in nature, but whether the process shall be eternally limited to the cell itself—omne vivum ex ovo—is still the mystery of life. Daniel Berthelot's discovery does not touch it. The new discovery marks an epoch in science for another reason. The

elder Berthelot used the physical energies known to chemistry in his time, particularly light and heat. His son has successfully harnessed to his uses the wonderful energy newly known—but commonest of all—in universal nature—the radiant energy—which nature herself uses in transforming inorganic elementary matter into organic living tissue.

This new synthesis made by the new physics was presented to the Academy of Sciences by the venerable Professor Jungfleisch, who wrought for a lifetime with Berthelot and succeeded to his chair at the College de France. It would be intensely interesting to know if the dead master foresaw these new lines of research along which his son proceeds so triumphantly. It is difficult for us, even now that we have been told about it,

to foresee how far the new road will lead.

CAT CAUSES UPROAR

Panic Ensues Among Musicians When Kitten Takes Stroll.

Little Black and Gray Feline Walked Inquisitively Across Stage at Denver During Opening Concert of Musical Festival.

Denver, Col.—When the little black and gray cat strolled inquisitively about at the Auditorium during the opening concert of the musical festival, she distracted the attention of the audience and of the musicians and of the singer, but she never knew how near her little excursion came to causing one man to swoon with terror.

Emil Oberholzer, leader of the Minneapolis orchestra, related the incident to Festival Manager James A. Thorpe while he was waiting for his train to pull out.

"The little cat came out just as Norrell was singing. She will never know how near she came to robbing the audience of some exquisite little runs from the oboe or how near one man came to a dead faint."

"I saw the little feline begin her outing among the feet of the musicians. I noticed her as she sauntered among the palms and ferns on the platform. I quaked as she rubbed against the skirt of the singer. I boiled when she made the audience sneeze."

"But I almost fell from my stand when I noticed one of my men. It was the oboe player, an Italian, and one of the best performers in the company. He was deathly pale. He moved uneasily upon his chair. He shuffled his feet. His eyes would leave his music and travel beseechingly toward the chandelier. I couldn't take my eyes from him."

"Then I noticed his fingers. They appeared to be engaged in an act of truancy. One second they would slip from the instrument and the next they would leap guiltily back. Once his whole hand darted swiftly to his bosom and as quickly regained its position upon the instrument. And all the time his eyes, body and feet kept up their strange disorder."

Now Kensington, Pa.—Accused of spitting tacks, S. L. Milligan was fined eight dollars by Justice of the Peace Reynolds Laughlin. When taking up advertising matter Milligan fills his mouth with tacks. After the completion of each job he has been in the habit of spitting out the remaining tacks. J. L. Cryer, an automobile owner, picked up some of the tacks and caused Milligan's arrest.

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Wonderful Mexican Gun.

City of Mexico.—Gen. Manuel Magon, chief of the department of artillery, has secured a patent for an improvement in his Porfirio Diaz gun, by which the velocity of the projectiles will be given a maximum above that produced by the guns used by any other army in the world. This improvement, it is said, makes the Mexican gun superior to the Mauser, which is used in the Mexican army at present, as well as in the armies of several European countries.

No More "Short" Potatoes.

New York.—Clement J. Driscoll, commissioner of weights and measures, has notified members of the local branch of the National League of Commission Merchants that after a date to be agreed upon later there shall be no short measure potato barrels in Great New York.

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Not Much. "I understand you had a regular spread over on your island last week," says the first cannibal king. "I don't see how you got such a deal," replies the other. "We merely had a little picnic lunch—a few shipwrecked sandwich men."

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

Count von Klerbotten was a splendid diplomat. He could win a ruler in an hour or so of chat. He could soothe a neighbor who had been aroused to ire, and could answer softly to a message filled with fire.

But, alas! he suffered from a wart upon his ear. And of course that ended all his promising career.

Senior don Gazallo was as crafty as could be. He could soon convince you that the half of two was three. But he—what a pity—was an eye composed of glass. And (was soon discovered) that his seniors must pass.

Diplomatic circles all are mourning over the loss. But his eye was tempting for a fly to walk across.

Lord Dumbodde blithered as a man of intellect. In negotiations he was always circumpect. He could frame a treaty that was fine for all concerned. Yet would be one-sided with the final trick was turned.

But unfortunately he was ruddy as to so he couldn't mingle with official belles and beaux.

Earl Kozloks, he is pulpy as a squash. His official letters you could designate as bosh. But he knows the sweetest kind of a bow—a bow is a bow is a bow.

And he gave his brilliant when it comes to choosing what all the courts of Europe now are ruminating with his fame. For he's made a winning at the diplomatic game.

Old Viscount Billmoss was a very clever man. He could stich a woman who'd not know the difference between a wrangle with a gentle spoon and a fierce then in slushy sat and purred.

But above his budget we have hung a mourning veil. For you know this viscount was quite desolate of teeth.

The Modern Maid. "Of course," said the elderly adviser to the lissome maiden, "one should not marry without love. But

then, it is well to marry a man with plenty of money. One should always think of the future."

"Certainly," agrees the girl. "Why, do you know, I know three of four girls who married men who were too poor to pay the alimony after they were divorced, and these girls are the unluckiest creatures that ever existed."

In Outriggerville. "What are these, my dear?" asks Mrs. Gatrish. "Some things I picked up at that camp of human beings."

"Go back and see if you can't get a few braids of hair to trim my bonnet with."

Business Secret. "Yes, sir," says the photographer, "photography is just like the patent medicine business. Unless we make people look a whole lot better after taking them than they do before taking, we are extremely unsuccessful."

Left Ban on Benzene. Pasadena, Cal.—Action taken last year, condemning the use of benzene as a food preservative, was repealed by the American Institute of Homeopathy the other night.

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Embroidered Vails. Nowadays, when vails are so heavily embroidered, the woman who is exact and delicate in her needlework can save herself a pretty penny by having herself embroidered—her plain net vails. The work must be done in the finest embroidery silk in a loose outline stitch, and great care must be taken not to tear the mesh of the veil. It is best to confine one's self to the simplest patterns—the new comet design, after our late visitor, is a good example—and to choose the large, sprightly designs, so popular in any event, as the different figures will never approach the machine stitching in exactness; and this is less noticeable where there are few and far between.

Silk Fishing. If in your shopping tours you are fortunate enough to see a piece of silk fishing, buy it. The coarse mesh offers little crying, but much decoration, when used over a contrasting shade of supple material.

For Hot Days



JUST the newest and loveliest things in millinery for the all too brief midsummer have been placed before the fascinated eyes of the devotee to outdoors and fashion. Black and white or the coldest of colors, lace and more lace, these are the paramount ideas that the modistes have put into language of execution. Nothing was over imagined for the dog days, lovelier than the hat of white chip, in which the contour of the brim is outlined with two rolled folds of black velvet placed on the under side. About the crown are set large roses made of fine princess lace and set in dark green foliage. These flowers of lace are exquisite. So far the lily and roses have been made and no other blossoms can be more beautiful than they. Wide Val edging for the roses and all-over patterns for the lilies are destined to be the favorite, but if one possesses a long purse or has some yards of old lace, please imagine roses made of a duchess lace! The finest of silk covered wire has to be sewed in to hold the petals or simulated petals in place. For the roses, a wreath can be managed without cutting the lace but for lilies the petals

extends the whole length is attached to the sides by wide wrapped seams. The back is not a panel, but the bodice and skirt have slight fullness at waist. The turn-over collar and cuffs are of embroidered lawn.

Materials required: 6 yards 40 inches wide.

GLOVES MATCH THE COSTUME. No more white gloves! Gloves match the costume, or where they ought to be white, according to all social canons, they are cream. Suede slippers, too, match the costume, and the stockings with them are—flesh colored!

Vanity bags of gold clasp now like a flat purse. The meshed bags are no longer plain, but are in two metals—gold and gunmetal, or oxidized silver and copper—interwoven in a quaint pattern.

Tortoise-shell is made up into everything, from powder cases to umbrella handles; and there is a great deal of gunmetal and jet seen, owing to the king's death and the public mourning that Paris seems to have assumed with England.

For the same reason, orchids, real and artificial, are on view everywhere, since they were Edward's favorite flower.

Finally, wooden beads. The fad has become a craze, and wooden beads, in black and colors, are as thick as locusts during the plague in Egypt.

A simple semi-princess dress is shown here, that is a style specially suited to linen. The panel front that

allows almost any combination. For entire turbans, for huge bows or for transparent scarfs to be thrown over gorgeous evening costumes, fishnet is a valuable asset in the up-to-date woman's wardrobe.

A Necktie Holder. A convenient and stylish holder for stocks and string ties, so much worn with summer shirtwaists, is made from a strip of suede or glazed leather 30 inches long and 16 inches wide, with one end pointed.

This case may be lined with a contrasting color or left unlined, as preferred. It is bound with inch-wide ribbon to match, and a length of the ribbon is fastened to the point.

On the inside of the case, two inches from each end, is a band of colored silk elastic, cut, stitched to the case at intervals of four inches. The stocks and ties are slipped under these bands and can be easily kept smooth on long trips. If the case is not rolled too tightly.

The Ready Theorist. "You see," explained the scientist, "house flies are dangerous because they carry germs on their feet."

"Ah!" exclaimed the ready theorist; "then the remedy is simple. All you need to do is to make them wear overalls and lead them on the porch when they come in."

A woman's idea of an intelligent man is one who can tell whether or not her hat is on straight.

Mr. Winslow's Swishing Syrup. Produced by the Swishing Syrup. Produced by the Swishing Syrup. Produced by the Swishing Syrup.

No other man appreciates a helping hand like a man in trouble.

WEAK KIDNEYS WEAKEN THE WHOLE BODY

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No man is stronger than his kidneys. Overwork, colds, strains, etc., weaken the kidneys and the whole body suffers. Don't neglect the slightest kidney ailment. Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills at once. They are especially for sick kidneys.

Mrs. George LaJole, 162 W. Gamble St., Caro, Mich., says: "I had lost in flesh a more shadow of my former self and too weak to stand more than a few minutes at a time. My rest was broken and my nervous system shattered. Had Doan's Kidney Pills not come to my attention, I firmly believe I would be in my grave. They cured me after doctors had failed."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SHOULD HAVE BEEN BUSY.



Old Lady.—What are you crying about, my little man?

Kid.—Nothing.

Old Lady.—Nothing!

Kid.—Yes. Me teacher ast me what I was doing 'n' I told her nothin', and she said: 'You've been doin' sumthin'—an' give me a lickin'."

SCRATCHED SO SHE COULD NOT SLEEP

"I write to tell you how thankful I am for the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. My little niece had been ill five years and her mother died in the care of the child. It was all over her face and body, also on her head. She scratched so that she could not sleep nights. I used Cuticura Soap to wash her with and then applied Cuticura Ointment. I did not use quite half the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, together with Cuticura Resolvent, when you could see a change and they cured her nicely. Now she is eleven years old and has never been bothered with eczema since. My friends think it is just great the way the baby was cured by Cuticura. I send you a picture taken when she was about 18 months old."

She was taken with the eczema when two years old. She was covered with big sores, and her mother had all the best doctors and tried all kinds of salves and medicines without effect until we used Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. H. Kierman—693 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1909.

Merely a Prevaricator. A doctor relates the following story: "I had a patient who was very ill and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a large sun painted on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun which would cure him. The ruse succeeded and he was getting better rapidly when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fall after all, then?" asked one of the doctor's hearers. "No," replied the doctor, "he died of sunstroke."

The Dentist's Joke. At a recent dinner of the Authors' club in London to Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor of Punch, Mr. Walter Emmanuel, another member of the staff of Punch, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had ever struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him, after suffering long with the toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out a tooth, leaving him writhing in pain and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily. He groaned, "What's the joke?" "Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

Wife and Country. Paul D. Craig, the noted New York lawyer said at a luncheon at the Lawyers' club: "Vacation time is here, and already that dreadful song about the wife gone to the country is being resurrected. But a variant to the song was furnished by a conversation I heard the other night."

"Hello, Smith," said one man to another, "I'm glad to see you back at the club again, old fellow. Wife off to the country, eh?" "No," growled Smith. "She's got back."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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Milkmaids in Trousers Go

Machines Take Place of Girls in Most of Dairy Where Japs Once Were Employed.

Seattle, Wash.—One of the model dairies in this state, near North Yakima, has received a shipment of modern milking machines, and to white-trooped girls are thrown out of employment. The girls had been doing the milking for several years, having displaced Japanese, who were found to be unhygienic. Each girl wore a light-fitting pair of trousers and a short-sleeved jacket to match. The garments were boiled and starched each day in the farm laundry. Probably there never were farm animals kept so clean as are the cows on this farm. Each cow is bathed in warm water and soap twice daily, combed and brushed. The floors of the dairy barn are scrubbed many times daily, and every precaution taken against germs. The newly acquired machines are

designed to draw the milk by a pumping method, power for which is supplied by a gasoline engine.

It is said the machine will be able to do the work of ten girls, and do it in a more hygienic way. The milking girls donned skirts and are employed in packing peaches and pears in the irrigated orchards near by.

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CROSSES OCEAN 175 TIMES

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"Oh, no great harm done. They have links at the asylum. He's playing a better game than ever now."

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

ADOPTING CHUBBY

By LETTIE WEBER

Chubby sat disconsolate on the front stoop. On the other side of the street a lot of boys were playing fire engine—playing it with his express wagon, too; but Chubby was not permitted to leave the yard and they had grown tired of a fire district confined to a solemn circuit of the flower-bordered path.

Chubby had vaguely intimated that presently Jane might come along with hot gingerbread, but they had not listened to the suggestion.

If they say Chubby eating gingerbread they were prepared to swarm back again, but in the meantime they preferred the opportunity of the stable made a splendid fire house, and they could race clear to the corner and back in answering an alarm.

Chubby's plump face was drawn into the suggestion of a whimper as he contemplated their treachery. But he was too tame to cry and presently the lines relaxed and Sue Sanders, coming down the street, received a smile in answer to her greeting.

"What are you doing here all alone?" she cried briskly. "Why don't you play with the other little boys, Chubby?"

His under lip quivered a little. "They won't stay in the yard and man won't let me play in the street," he explained. "They were here, but they took my wagon and went away."

Sue's face grew soft. Chubby's mother was a woman famous in the club world. She was too busy to play with her little boy. It was enough that he had plenty of toys.

She rescued the wagon from the boys, but the desertion of his playmates still grieved Chubby and she took the disconsolate little fellow in her arms and, sitting down on the steps, proceeded to tell him a fairy story.

So interested did they grow in the romance she was weaving that neither noticed that someone had stopped outside of the gate until, with a shout, Chubby wriggled out of her arms and bumped down the steps to greet his Uncle Harry.

"I came to see if Chubby wanted to go for a drive," he explained as he came up the steps with his small new machine.

"I don't like to interrupt your story," he said, "but I'm stopped because he seemed so lonesome," she explained. "The boys had taken his wagon and were playing with it on the other side of the street. I was sorry for him and I was telling a story."

"Tell it to us both," the man pleaded as he looked toward the buggy. "It will be a fine drive over to the lake and back."

"I'm sorry for the little fellow," said Harry Kinsman as they drove slowly homeward. "I suppose it's only a matter of time before he'll be a mother-terrible."

Chubby gets little mother-terrible. "I come around as often as I can and take him out, but this has been a red-letter day with you along."

"I was very good of you to ask me," she said, and she glanced down at the little fellow, sleeping with his head against her shoulder.

"I did not know before that you cared for children," he said slowly, as his glance rested on her face. "Somehow, I've always seemed to think of you as one of the society butterflies."

"When you are in Rome," she quoted lightly.

"That's so," he admitted, wonderingly. "I suppose it's because I've only met you at teas and things. But when I came upon the walk this afternoon your face looked like a madonna's."

"The madonna of the marble wave," she asked, with a little laugh. "I'm afraid that I was not dressed for the part."

"I didn't see your hair or your clothes," he said, only saw your face and wondered how it would seem to Chubby if he had a mother who could look like that."

"You are unfair to your sister," she protested. "Because she is a very busy woman it does not follow that she is always cross-dressed with her papers."

"I suppose not," he admitted, "but you don't know how you looked. It was like meeting a stranger whom you felt that you must have known for a long time. I can't just explain. I've always liked you, but somehow when I saw you on the steps this afternoon I just wanted to take you in my arms and tell you how much I loved you. I don't know how I've kept from blurt-ing it out before now. It's not much like a real proposal, Sue. I can't get down on my knees and ask you to be mine, but I do want you, dear, and so does Chubby. Will you marry the two of us, little girl?"

She looked down into the face of the sleeping child and then shyly into her lover's face.

"I think Chubby needs me," she said softly.

Chubby stirred uneasily and opened his sleepy eyes.

"Kiss me, too," he commanded. "I wish you was my mamma."

"It's all right old fellow," said Harry, with a happy laugh. "We're going to adopt you, the future Mrs. Kinsman and I."

"Johnny," asked the teacher, "can you explain the difference between imitation and gravitation?"

"Yes," replied Johnny, "one lets and the other grays."

TROUPING THE FATE

By FRANK L. OGDEN

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Arling almost forgot his lines. He stared, fascinated, at the girl in the box. What if she should recognize him?

"Your cue," growled the loud voice of the prompter in the wings. "Don't get stage fright, you fool!"

Thus cautioned, Fred Arling, as Morton Murdock, a poor but honest chauffeur, dragged an essential phrase from his reluctant lips and strove to think of the work in hand. This was Arling's home town.

Six months ago the ambitious young actor had been in the position of an assistant teller in the Clemtown bank to go to New York and avail himself of an offer of a similar situation made some months before by a friend of the family who was the president of a metropolitan banking institution.

Arriving in New York—his first trip to the city—he found his would-be benefactor gone to Europe and the other officials a set of human icebergs with little interest in him, and absolutely no intention of believing him until the return of Mr. Mink.

At home Arling had left a family high in local social circles and the prettiest, bluest little fiancée the gods had ever been kind enough to give to mere man.

Arling's letters to the maid were veritable rays of optimism. He studiously avoided mentioning, except in vague phrases, his predicament, explaining casually that Mink would return shortly and then he would be given a deal in the bank.

Meanwhile the youth, while waiting and rustling for a makeshift job, was reduced financially.

The days of Arling's misfortune drifted into weeks. The want ads were carefully scanned each morning for possible chances, but applicants with local references were always given the preference.

He exchanged hard luck stories from time to time with other down-and-outs. Scintillating in this class was one Christwell, tall, thin, long-haired, lean-jawed and with jet eyes sunk deep beneath shaggy brows, was a shabby Thespian of the old school. He struck up a sharp intimacy with Arling, and cunningly drew him out.

"You're trouping with fate," sighed the old mummer at the completion of the boy's tale. "And you're playing the circuit of chance. The most unlikely thing in the world is the possibility of your placing yourself with a bank on the strength of that one little reference from Mr. Clemtown. You had better take it easy until your friend arrives."

"I was over at the Steenth National today," confessed the youth, "and they told me that he won't be home for a month or more."

The observant eyes of the actor summed up the points of the tall, well-built Arling; his clean, keen face, his black curly hair, his gift of clear enunciation.

"If you care to troupe a bit, I have a friend whom I think would place you. His company is just organizing now."

Arling started. "But I am no actor," he answered. "I never was on the stage in my life."

"So much the better. Canton, the manager, I have in mind, really prefers to his own educating."

Before the boy's education, it was arranged that Arling was to accompany Christwell the next morning and apply for the vacancy.

To the surprise of the youth, he was promptly accepted and told to report for rehearsal on the morning following. The old actor was also one of the elect, and he volunteered to coach an eye out for the youth, and coach him in every way possible.

Arling made progress. Remembering his lofty ambitions when he outgrew Clemtown, he purposely neglected informing the folks at home of this change in his fortunes. His youthful dignity was above this job. He changed his name to Thomas Kinsman.

Manager Canton, a nervous little person, complimented Arling on his quick perception of the essential points of histrionic art. "You do well, very well," indeed, he said.

Arling was the only inexperienced member of the company. All in all, it was a creditable cast. The advertiser from Clemtown made arrangements to have his mail forwarded; and his own correspondence, mailed from the big city. This was managed for him by Christwell, who had a friend in Brooklyn. With the return of his own friend from across the seas, Arling intended to come back to the city and accept the banking position.

The youth rested easy until a copy of the route list was given him. Christwell performed this service. "What's the matter?" he asked, glancing at the list in surprise.

"We open at Clemtown!" he gasped. "What of it?"

"My people live there!"

"O-o-o-o!" Christwell began to see reasons. "Well, what's the difference? Your name is known on the program, isn't it?"

"Yes, but they will recognize me."

"Don't you believe it," came from the veteran. "The point will fool them."

Arling found consolation in the thought.

The "Tricks in All Trades" company arrived in Clemtown on an

early morning train. Arling, pleading illness, had his meals served in his room.

Happily, too, Arling was able to make a muffled exit from the hostelry. Everything had gone along splendidly until Arling, glancing out into the crowded house, saw in the box at the right of the stage his fiancée, the dainty Daisy Hecklethorn.

The stunned expression on her face would indicate that she had recognized him. He stumbled through the remainder of the act, and, as a consequence, was sharply reprimanded by the manager at its completion.

Stimulated by this, and encouraged by the occasional puzzled glances from his fiancée, telling him plainer than words, that she wasn't quite sure, the young Thespian improved in his work.

In the third and last act Arling, his courage returned, strode to center-stage.

"I may be poor and unfortunate," he mouthed dramatically, "but I thank heaven that I am honest."

Here fate allowed a rusty hinge in a trap to break, and precipitated Arling to the blackness of a deep cellar. The curtain was promptly rung down. It was a fetching, but unlooked for, climax.

"Is there a doctor in the house?" asked Christwell from the stage a few moments later.

The doctor who responded was Arling's uncle.

The youth had been brought from under the stage with a fractured leg.



"You are trouping with fate," sighed the Old Mummer.

and three broken ribs. He recovered consciousness, to find himself on an old settee in the property room.

This place had been cleared of all save the unfortunate mummer, Doctor Arling and Daisy Hecklethorn.

"Feeling better, Fred?" asked the uncle of the youth. "I hope so, because I've got to set this limb."

Under protest, Daisy retired from the room. Later she was left with the much-bandaged unfortunate, while a carriage was summoned.

Explanations were in order.

"I think," said Miss Daisy severely, at the conclusion of the story, "that you should have written me all about it, but, honestly, Fred, you surprised me—you are a—good actor."

HUBBY WAS MAN OF WISDOM

Also It Is Probable He Had Been Sent on Many Shopping Expeditions Before.

Sending him on a shopping expedition, particularly when the purchases are to be articles of wearing apparel for heretofore about as ancient a test as any woman can apply to her hubby. And the poor man generally finds that he is up against it.

As at the task with the bill of a martyr, The Philadelphia Telegraph cites a typical instance. Speaking of the facts and follies of the sweet some sex the other day, Judge John G. Harner of Mount Holly related a little incident which shows that at least one poor old married man is wise to the ways of wife. (Some time ago, the judge said, a friend of his who lives in a suburban town was asked by his wife to get her a ready-made shirtwaist while he was in the city, and instead of raising a majestic yelp, he picked the knoodle through the door of the crystal closet and knocking down the stovepipe, he meekly replied that he would be happy to oblige.

The noon-hour found him in a department store, and after locating the counter where female toggery is sold and waiting his turn at but he gently remarked to the saleslady that he would like to have a shirtwaist for his wife. "Here are some," very pretty ones," said the saleslady, hauling out nine or ten. "What color do you prefer?" "It doesn't make any difference," replied the husband. "I believe she would like this one," returned the saleslady. "What size do you want?" "It doesn't make any difference," was the surprising answer of the purchaser. "It doesn't make any difference!" exclaimed the wondering saleslady. "I should think that it would make a whole lot of difference!" "Oh, no, it doesn't," insisted the wise hubby. "No matter what color I get her, or what size I get her, I would have to come back tomorrow and have it exchanged anyhow."

Fish Catch in the Arctic.

The fish catch in the Arctic ocean along the Siberian coast amounts each year to about 40,000,000 pounds, worth about \$1,800,000.

Gluten Meal.

Gluten meal, as a rule, produces a bitter.

BURROWS STRONG IN FOURTH

Southwestern Michigan For Re-election of Senator Burrows.

BENTON HARBOR—Where Senator J. C. Burrows is best known is where he is receiving the greatest support for re-election to the senate.

The present Fourth district was once part of the district which he represented in congress, and sentiment down this way is unanimous for his return to the upper house.

Senator Burrows is beloved personally, but much of support comes from people who never looked in vain to the senator for support for any worthy project when he was in the house of representatives. The prediction is freely made, and goes uncontradicted, that he will have 80 per cent of the vote through the present Fourth district.

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ART FOR—LOVES' SAKE

By M. E. BAKER

At each end of the dune sat a young person. At the precise points where sand and beach-grass ceased to be a part of this particular dune, they began the construction of other dunes.

Their backs were toward each other, though they were manifestly very conscious of the presence of each other by turning their heads a little.

They had quarreled, and were not ready to make-up again. What they had quarreled about does not matter; it was some inconsiderable trifle.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a soft shout.

Toward the beach could be seen the figure of a stout man, very small, on the summit of a dune, gesticulating.

"Oh, it's uncle," cried the girl in an awed tone. She rose quickly to her feet—then sat down again.

"Perhaps he didn't see you," she said coldly, without turning her head. "Would you mind going away?"

"If you mean me," said the young man, with equal coldness, "I should mind, I'm not a coward."

The stout man disappeared into the hollow. He was evidently coming in their direction.

"I wish you'd go," said the girl. "I can sit here. I can say I was alone—quite truthfully."

"I don't know why I should," said the young man doggedly, with rising color. "Of course, if you're ashamed to be seen—"

"Oh, it's not that," she cried hastily. The stout man had reappeared on the top of another dune, and was waving his hand.

"You're very disagreeable. You know he doesn't like you."

The stout man plunged into another hollow. "If you don't go—He's almost here!"

The young man did not answer. A moment later the stout man rose on the crest of the dune that formed the opposite rim of the gully before them.

His foot slipped, the sand sliding away from under him. He swayed wildly, made a desperate lunge to recover his balance, caught his toe in a twist of root, and began the descent of the smooth face of the dune by the simplest and most direct route.

By the time the stout gentleman had rolled to the bottom of the gully and half way across it, and sprawled directly to a sitting posture, waiting for the crabby leg to become stationary enough for him to get up, they were facing each other, too overcome by laughter to attempt the descent themselves.

The stout man managed to erect himself. He held in his hand a small, black object. Upon this the girl's eyes rested uncomprehendingly for an instant; then they lighted with accusation.

"You've taken him!" she gasped. The young man nodded, and their eyes met. They clasped hands, and scrambled down the dune to the stout gentleman's assistance.

He was brushing the sand from his face, and struggling with his tie, which had made almost as many revolutions around his neck, as he himself had in descending the face of the dune.

He spluttered undistinguishable sounds, but he was plainly very wrathful.

At length he gave his feelings verbal utterance.

"For a short time his remarks were so surprising they dealt with the aspect of the landscape in general with the roots of beach plum bushes and various other harmless natural objects."

Then he directed the force of his indignation full at his niece.

"You, Emily," he thundered. "What are you holding onto that young fool's hand for? What are you out here for, with him, anyhow?"

"Do let me brush the sand off you, sir," urged the young man kindly. Mr. Cuthbert seemed about to strike him.

"You get out of here, sir, or I'll sir you," he snarled.

"I would," said the young man, "but I don't dare to leave Emily unprotected, with a raving lunatic." His own temper was not of the smoothest.

"I'll attend to Emily," roared the Honorable Mr. Cuthbert.

"I guess I'm capable of taking care of my own niece—if I do fall down a blanked sand hill over a blanked plum bush. Get away!"

"Do go, Philip," said Emily imploringly. "It won't do a bit of good for you to stay. It will only make him angrier." She slipped her arm into her uncle's, and to the young man's surprise and relief, she was not repulsed, but was suffered by her uncle to lead him away. She threw an encouraging backward glance over her shoulder.

Ten paces farther on, however, the Honorable Mr. Cuthbert paused.

"Tell that fellow to come here," he ordered. Emily obeyed. Philip came hastily.

The stout man looked him up and down in a manner intended to be contemptuous and withering, but which rather failed of its effect because his own hat was crushed away on his head, his coat was split from the arm's eye down, one trouser-leg was split from the knee down, his cravat was still under his ear, and his shoes were untied.

"I want you to understand," he said sternly, "that this settles it. I absolutely forbid you to communicate with him."

The eyes of the young people met—they were communicating, in the very face of his prohibition; but the situation was grave. Mr. Cuthbert may have presented an undignified appearance rolling down the dune, but he was a man of character and determination.

His opposition to Philip Dunbar's suit had hitherto been of a passive rather than active kind. He did not want anybody to carry off his niece; and being her legal guardian, and usually a kind and loving one, he had a right to some say in the matter.

It was evident now, by the concentrated disgust with which he was surveying the young man, that henceforth he would associate him in his own mind with the day's unfortunate accident, and that his attitude would be one of positive hostility.

"You will oblige me," finished Mr. Cuthbert, "by never addressing either myself or Miss Cuthbert again, on any pretext whatever."

He turned his back and taking the startled Emily's arm again, strode off, leaving the young man gazing after them very genuinely troubled.

Suddenly an illuminating idea flashed upon Philip Dunbar. He sprang hastily after the retreating pair.

"Mr. Cuthbert," he called. "Wait a moment."

The sheer audacity of this made Thomas Cuthbert stop and turn around.

"I am coming to address you again," Mr. Cuthbert, after we get back to town; and you will see me, and listen to what I have to say; that's all." He waved his hand, in token that he had finished, thereby causing Mr. Cuthbert to become apoplectic once more.

He kept his word. One afternoon in February he visited Mr. Cuthbert's place of business and sent in his name, receiving, as he had expected, a message to the effect that Mr. Cuthbert would see him further, before he would see him at all. Thereupon he played his trump card.

"Take this in, please," Mr. Cuthbert, he said to the meek stenographer, "and tell him that I am still waiting."

The stenographer disappeared, then came out again and resumed her chair and banging of the typewriter. A moment later the door of the inner office was jerked violently open.

"Come in here," said Mr. Cuthbert, "and shut the door."

He thumped the desk with his forefinger, where lay a small photograph.

It was a photograph of a horse-neck dune, very clear and distinct.

In the middle of the dune, like a beetle pinned to a sheet of cardboard, was a strangely sprawling figure, whose face, although very small, was perfectly recognizable. Mr. Cuthbert continued to thump the picture with his forefinger.

"This, this—you!" he remarked ineffectually.

"Yes," said the young man mildly. "I was thinking of using it to illustrate a magazine article on 'Horse-neck'."

Vividly before the mind's eye rose the horse-neck—the calm peace of the dunes, the long, blue shadows of the summer afternoons, the glitter of the sun. He saw Mr. Cuthbert, not well dressed or dignified, sitting in a gully and trying vainly to adjust his necktie, and his lips twitched.

"I was thinking of it," he repeated, "but I've changed my mind. I want Emily more than anything else in the world. I want her too much to make her unhappy by making you ridiculous. I came to offer you the film. That is the only print. You may do what you like with the film; tear it up, or keep it."

"You've changed your mind," repeated Mr. Cuthbert incredulously.

He took the small dark film mechanically, looking sharply at the young man. He was, after all, not a bad judge of character.

"You are positive this is the only print there is?"

"On my honor, sir."

Slowly Mr. Cuthbert reached for a paper knife and stabbed a hole through the white features of the little man on the black sand dune. Slowly he picked up the print, tore it twice across and threw the pieces into the waste basket.

"Exactly what it is worth to you," he asked in a friendly tone, holding the now worthless film, "and I'll be glad to take it from you."

"Emily," replied the young man, "I'm a terrible person."

Mania laughter for riders are he. That was the end.

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TAKING POSSESSION

By M. E. BAKER

In the act of unpacking her golf shoes from the folds of a pale-blue satin bag down the summer resortor paused and said: "My goodness!"

Sitting flat on the floor as she was, she stared at the wide-open front door, where a cat stood balancing on the threshold after uttering an ingratiating "Meow!"</